

THE
*K*VILLAGE MAID;

AN OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

When Females dare poetic War to wage,
And lordly Man, with their own Arms, engage,
You critic Wits should ne'er the Field dispute,
But praise, where Praise is due, or else be mute;
For when the Weakness lies on Woman's Side,
To mend the Breach be still your constant Pride.

A FRIEND.

L O N D O N:

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M DCC XCII.

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IMPRESSED with the deepest sense of gratitude for the singular honor conferred upon me by the general encouragement I have received from the liberal Subscribers to this trifling work.—I joyfully embrace this public method of rendering them my sincerest thanks, and beg their still further indulgence in regard to the numerous errors with which the piece abounds.—The confined scale of a female's education, will, I trust, in some measure soften the criticisms of a minute perusal, which otherwise would infallibly ruin the credit of a young Authoress, before her productions have received the stamp of public approbation.

Whatever circumstances may occur to induce me hereafter to try the success of my literary pursuits, they shall always be attended by that conduct which can alone ensure success to the most established writer, a perfect wish to act in unison with nature, and the most ardent endeavour to merit the kindness I have already so bountifully received.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EARL OF ORMOND,
SIR WILLIAM HARGRAVE,
LORD MARCHMONT, } Sons to the Earl,
HENRY MARCHMONT, }
COLONEL GRENVILLE,
JACK COURSER,
COLIN, a Farmer,
VILLARS, Servant to Lord Marchmont,
ANTOINE, Servant to Henry.

LADY HARRIET, Daughter }
LADY CAROLINE, Niece } to the Earl,
DANVERS, } Cottagers,
EMMELINE, }
PHOEBE, a Farmer's Daughter,
REAPERS, &c.

SCENE,

The Village of Hargrave, alternately with Ormond Castle.

VILLAGE

VILLAGE MAID.

ACT I.

The Scene discovers, in the back Ground, the setting Sun, a little Hamlet surrounded by Corn-Fields; loads of Hay carrying home on one Side; on the other enter COLIN, EMMELINE and PHOEBE, with Gleaners and Reapers, who are joined by DANVERS, who sat spinning at the Door of her Cottage.

COLIN.

TO the sun-set of eve from the dawning of day,
Still our toil we pursue with encreasing delight;
With a flask of brown ale we scorn sol's piercing ray,
And the fair, while they glean, smile content at the sight:
When our work is concluded, we dance, sing and play,
And at night crown with pleasure the labour of day.

Tune the reed, and strike the lyre,
Foot it o'er the verdant green;
Haste to greet, with fond desire,
The nimble-footed sylvan queen.

Chorus.—Tune, &c.

B

Dance

VILLAGE MAID.

Dance by Characters; then Exeunt all but EMMELINE, COLIN, and DANVERS, who retires to the Wheel.

Emme. How came it so late ere you join'd us this evening, Colin? you that are generally the first!

Colin. True! but as I was quitting the field, poor farmer Ploughshare was taken so ill, that I was loth to leave him till I had seen him home.

Emme. I heard Phoebe speak of it with concern; poor girl, she was uncommonly serious.

Colin. Yes; I could scarcely persuade her to join the dance; but the kind old farmer insisted on her doing so, as his illness proceeded only from fatigue, which he should soon recover.

Emme. The gratitude which is due to you from me, Colin, cannot make me look on your conduct to that good girl but in its true light.—Phoebe possesses native simplicity, a beautiful person, and an angelic disposition.—O Colin! Colin! to trifle with a valuable heart is not acting like yourself. I am astonished that a man of feeling should so deeply wound an amiable woman.

Colin. Why do you enforce my engagement to her, when you know I'm devoted to you alone? Till you returned from France I knew not what love was; and think you, Emme, it would be honorable to marry her, merely to fulfil my promise, by which I should not only make myself miserable, but her wretched, in giving my hand where my heart can never place its affection! No, Emme, you are the sole object of my choice, and from you alone I can expect happiness.

Emme. I fear the motives of your misery, as you are pleased to term it, were far more urgent than any consideration

sideration towards the poor deluded girl.—But however, on this subject I will not hear you.

Colin. Nay, no more of this, dear Emmeline, a censure from the person I adore, appears more harsh than the severest frowns of fortune.—Believe me, I feel no happiness equal to your smile.

ENTER HENRY.

Hen. (aside) Happy Rustic!—Smile! the lovely Emmeline ever smiles; and, like the sun, sheds her bright influence o'er the admiring world; her breath more fragrant than an aromatic gale; her voice sweeter than philomel's enchanting notes, which add fresh transport to the list'ning ear.—My service to you Danvers.—Emme, you look wond'rous fair this evening.

Danv. (coming forward) Your honor forgets the difference between yourself and my poor child, when you speak thus.

Hen. No, faith, Danvers, I wish I could. (*sighing.*)

Emme. Indeed, I am so accustomed to those high-flown compliments from Mr. Marchmont, that they are become as familiar as “your servant, or how are you.”

Hen. Pho, pho; Danvers, she has been too long accustomed to the volatile disposition of my sister and myself to mind what we say; 'tis a thousand pities I have not a second sister to join in the penserosa, with my brother Frederick; would they not be a charming couple, Emmeline? O farmer! our family is much indebted to you.

Colin. For what? an't please your honor.

Hen. Your services to this worthy cottager, and her lovely daughter.—Faith Danvers, I believe you stole this

sweet maid; you can never be her mother; though there are the traces of a good face yet, and but for this dress you'd look twenty years younger.

Danv. Alas! I'm old, very old in adversity, if not in years, your honor.

Hen. I always thought there must be some mystery in your story.—I am sure you were not always what you appear to be at present.

Danv. O my dear sir! woes like mine are too painful to admit of a recital.

Hen. Hold, hold, Danvers, like a skilful surgeon, I never probe a wound too deep, nor lacerate one which time alone can heal.—Emmeline, Lady Harriet wishes to see you this evening; take her request. (*gives a note.*)

Emme. Shall I trouble you, sir, with my humble respects, and I will wait on her.

Hen. Suffer me to be your *Cecisbeo*.

Emme. I thank you, sir, but a few moments attention are requisite to my mother; and Colin will be kind enough to see me across the field.

Hen. 'Tis but too evident she loves him. (*aside*) Well, I submit, but fail not to come.—Honest friends, good evening.—Emme, adieu.

Exi

Danv. I'm glad, my dear, you did not accept his offer; he's a fine gay young fellow, and such as him make an anxious mother tremble for her child.

Emme. Do you doubt my prudence? madam.

Danv. No, child, but he's too agreeable to pass unnoticed by a young and susceptible heart; ignorant of the many arts ungenerous men practise against the unsuspecting

ing

VILLAGE MAID.

5

ing innocent.—Be cautious, that's all I require, Emme. Come, Colin, will you lend an old woman your arm? I think a little walk will revive my spirits; we shall soon return.

Exeunt Danvers and Colin.

Emme. Yes, my dear mother, I will be cautious of this too fascinating Marchmont; would I were more blind to his merits; but hope ever to remain convinced of his errors.—Fashionable foibles may be deem'd trifling, but my heart dictates they are dangerous, and my study shall be to preserve a rectitude of conduct, that under every affliction I may have this pleasing consolation, that however wretched I may be, I have not merited to be so.

Though fortune shuns my humble cot,
And ev'ry ill each comfort drains;
I'll smile contented at my lot,
While virtue in this bosom reigns.

Conscious of this, the rural sports
Will charm awhile dull care away;
And as the bird her matins raise,
Smile grateful on the infant day.

Exit.

JACK COURSER *steals in, looking after EMMELINE.*

Cour. Ha! ha! egad, there's as pretty a little filly as I've seen a long time.—Hem—young woman!

RE-ENTER

RE-ENTER EMMELINE.

Now, what the devil shall I say to her——If she does but understand fox-hunting——I swear, my dear, you have the prettiest pair of——are you fond of the chace?

Emme. The chace, sir!

Cour. Aye, my dear sweet creature; the chace is a sort of a—a—damme if I could not talk all night to her. (*taking hold of her hand with signs of transport.*) I suppose this is your house.—Ha! my dear, what, I say, no fustly old guardian.—Ha! no.—

Emme. Indeed you are rude, sir.

Cour. Rude! my sweet little angel; no, I scorn to be rude to a woman.—I am a young fellow of the first fashion, with full pockets and an empty pate.—And though I am but a fly-blow of the times, damme if there's any harm in my whole composition.—I have virtue sufficient to do a good action, and sense enough not to be ashamed of it.

Emme. But why do you detain me? sir!

Cour. To contemplate thy beauties, sweet.—Perhaps with viewing thee, like Cymon, I may be converted.—Upon my soul you've a sweet singing face.—Nay, nay, I'm sure you can sing; come, give me a hunting song.

Emme. 'Tis not worth your acceptance, but since you desire it.

When your gay modern beaux turn their thoughts to the
chace,

And domestic concerns must to Reynard give place;
So noisy their mirth, and grotesque is their mein,
That a maid in their presence should never be seen.

Cour. When! what the deuce is the matter with her now? O curse me, if I give up the chace so.—Hark forward, huzza, Tally-ho!

Exit after her.

A Room in the Castle.—Enter LORD ORMOND, LORD and HENRY MARCHMONT, and LADY HARRIET.

Lord Or. I think I never saw so charming an atmosphere; it seems to smile propitious on the morrow, to welcome the good fortune which awaits you; yet you alone, Frederick, seem discontented; 'tis downright ingratitude, boy, when all smile joy around you.

Lord M. (with a forced smile) Indeed I was not sensible of the alteration which your Lordship has remark'd.

Hen. Or sir, you should consider the turtle's never cheerful when absent from its mate.

Lady H. Indeed, Henry, you quite mistake the case; Frederick regards not Lady Caroline in the least; he may sigh for the gay circle he has just left, as his lordship is *toute alamode de Paris*, ever fluttering with the belles, tho' impenetrable to the softer passions.

Lord M. You are a cruel girl, Harriet, to sport with me thus.

Lord. H. Indeed, my dear brother, it is sporting with you alone, that can bring you to a right use of your senses.

Lord Or. You seem to be in his secrets, Harriet.

Lady H. Yes, papa, in pity I am obliged to be his confidant, else the poor soul would have nothing but the winds and waves to make his moan to; and yet the ungrateful creature pretends he is wearied to death with my endeavours to amuse him, and bids me frequently be silent.

Lord M. I

Lord M. I think Lady Harriet would not shine less, were she to check a little of her volubility.

Hen. O sir, his wife must be a demure saint, sigh when he sighs, and smile but when he smiles.

Hen. And only smile; a laugh would be insupportable.

Lord. M. You are both wrong—a wife for Frederick must be amiably cheerful, delicately gay; a soul capable of friendship's sacred tie, to melt at the tale of sorrow, and alleviate the pangs of the afflicted; with her hand ever ready to suppress their wants.—Her wit brilliant, but tempered with affability.

Lady H. Hold, my good sentimental brother; where will you meet with such a Phoenix? If those are the requisites I shall despair of a lady sister.

Lord. M. Such an one I already know, and one little fault, if corrected, would make your ladyship her counterpart; for were that volubility lessened, my good sister would rise the very phoenix she would have me despair of finding.

Lady H. A pretty compliment, truly; but I shall not be friends with you, notwithstanding, for presuming to censure my conduct.

Lord. M. If that is the only thing which is to deprive me of your friendship, I have not much to fear from your ladyship's resentment.

Lord Or. Suppose we were to try the power of music; the sweets of harmony have innumerable charms.

Lady H. With all my heart, dear sir; come, Henry, you must accompany me.

Hen. (bowing) I'm your ladyship's most obedient.—Will you choose your piece, my lord.

Lord Or. Your last new one, on morning, I think.

LADY.

VILLAGE MAID.

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*Lady Harriet goes to the Harpsichord, Henry leans on the
back of her chair.*

Both.—Undrawn's the starry mantle of the night,
And Cynthia too repays her borrow'd light ;
Whilst Phœbus mounts his radiant car of day,
The warblers carrol their triumphant lay ;
Each moment adds to his resplendent beams,
Now sportive glittering o'er the playful streams.

Nature in ev'ry variegated form,
Hails with new lustre the bespangled morn ;
Fair fancy yields her fascinating pow'rs,
To crown with mirth the intermediate hours.
Aurora's graceful smiles around are seen,
In courts, in cities, and the village green.

Lord Or. You are much improved since I last heard you,
Harriet.

Hen. (taking her hand) O fir, can these elegant fingers
strike a discordant note ; or those coral lips give sounds
but heavenly harmony and love ?—Don't you think I
should make an admirable lover ? For a brother it was
incomparable.

Lady H. Go, puppy ; I should really laugh to see you
caught—'twould be a charming thing, for Frederick would
then have a companion.

Hen. Mine shall be only filken cords, not harsh fetters,
I assure you ; for while others look on the blind deity as a
tyrannic sovereign, and stand trembling at his nod, I'll
meet him as a friend, who'll sooth the anxious cares of
C life ;

life; not sink into the penferosa's till I forget to love.
That's living, my boy (*striking Lord M. on the shoulder.*)
Damme if I sigh my youth away after any woman, be she
never so lovely.

I'll ever range the gardens free,
From flower to flower I'll sip the honey,
Light as the airy winged bee,
Contentment e'er shall dwell with me :
Love's mantling draught shall fill my bowl,
But anguish ne'er shall touch my soul.

Lord Or. Your friends make it late, Harriet.

Lady H. So I think, papa ; I hope no accident impedes
their journey.

Hen. I'm of opinion, your Colonel and his lordship's
Caroline have taken a northern instead of a western route.

Lady H. Eternally brooding over mischief; but I have
too good an opinion of my own charms to dread the
power of another's. Probably his lordship may feel a little
unpleasantly.

Lord M. Believe me, my little rebel of a sister, Lady
Caroline is free to act for herself—whatever plan she pur-
sues I hope she will experience that felicity I am on
the point of giving up for ever.

Lady H. Hold, hold, my dear desponding brother, not
quite so fast if you please ; trust to me, and I will do some-
thing for you.

Lord Or. I am sorry to find, Frederick, there is a mis-
understanding between you ; in town I passed it over as a
mere trifle, but now you treat it with so serious an air it
quite alarms me.—I ask not the cause, but remember that

Caroline is the daughter of my sister, a girl of exquisite sensibility and merit, and must not be treated with indifference.

Lord M. If my behaviour has occasioned my dear Caroline an uneasy moment, I have suffered ten-fold anguish.—But her conduct is so very reserved that I cannot endure it; and my treating her so cavalierly in town was to find whether it was indifference, or a natural bashfulness; the uncertainty of which renders me miserable.

Hen. What, you are for a woman springing into your arms, as a well-bred pointer does a covey of partridges in the air!

Lord M. Lady Caroline perhaps, in obedience to her father, gives me her hand, while a perfect indifference, or what is more torturing, her invaluable heart owns a preference for another.—And, though to that dignified form and elegance of manners were a diadem to be annexed, I would not receive her without some assurance that I was the man of her choice.

Lord Or. There spake Ormond in his son; but see the lovely girl is crossing the saloon.

ENTER CAROLINE AND COLONEL GRENVILLE.

(Lord M. bows to Lady Caroline, she returns it coolly.)

Lady C. (To Lord Or.) Dear sir, how are you?—Ah! Harry, you may kiss my hand if you think proper.

Hen. Be assured I will not omit so favorable an opportunity.

Lord Or. How are you, my dear Caroline? Well, I'll be sworn by the brilliancy of those pretty sparklers.

Hen. There's an old man for your ladyship.

Lady C. O fir, the earl was ever gallant.

Lady H. Dear Caroline, I'm glad you are come, we were almost lost for want of more company.

Lady C. That's impossible child; you and Henry will never lose your vivacity.

Hen. Why, I believe her ladyship and myself are moderate; but for poor Frederick—

Lady C. (*with affected surprise*) Bless me! how long has your physicians given you over? I never saw you look so shocking.

Lord M. I have not call'd in any yet, madam; how soon it will be necessary I know not.

Hen. Your ladyship cannot conceive what havock this said tyrant love makes among us young fellows.

Lady C. Love! said you, Henry! Can the gay, brilliant Marchmont feel love's piercing arrows? No, No; while every fine face can attract his lordship's attention, believe me, he'll never die of love, cousin.

ENTER SERVANT, *who speaks to Lord Or. then go off together.*

Lord M. (*taking her hand*) Yes, Caroline, every fine face may attract my attention, but it is one only can enslave my heart.

Lady C. (*endeavouring to free her hand*) Prithee, my lord—'tis a pity there are not the same sweet attractions here as in town; your lordship appears to so much advantage, it is no wonder you look ill; I am surpris'd how you can exist without them.

Lord M. Cruel

Lord M. Cruel girl ! does it afford you satisfaction to see me miserable.

Lady C. O sir, were there another woman present, besides a sister, Caroline would not be honor'd with your attention.

Hen. 'Tis really dreadful to be thus immur'd from the gay world in shady groves and silent dells ; faith I should have been as much lost as Frederick, but that I have made love to Harriet ever since, *pour passer le tem.*—But who have we here ?

Col. 'Tis the very man whose carriage was overturned about fourteen miles from hence.

RE-ENTER LORD ORMOND with SIR WILLIAM HARGRAVE in a Spanish Habit.

Lord Or. My good old friend, see my children, my niece, and Colonel Grenville, a man who does honor to his country, his profession, and my family.—This is Don Sebastian, whose return you have heard me so anxiously wish.

Sir W. The friends of Ormond must be dear to Sebastian.

Lord M. What length of time have you been in England, sir ?

Sir W. Not longer than I could reach this place from Dover ; but to your family, dear Ormond, I wish not to wear a moment's disguise, nor indeed to any one after to-morrow's sun shall set.

Lord Or. Then, Harriet, I can gratify your curiosity ; my friend is no Spaniard, but Sir William Hargrave, of whom you have heard me speak.

Lady H. In-

Lady H. Indeed! I most sincerely congratulate your lordship upon the return of a friend so dear to you; and you, Sir William, in once more enjoying the blessings of your native soil.

Sir W. And the best soil, fair lady, I have ever seen; though I have traversed nearly the four quarters of the globe.

Lord Or. How comes it you have remained such an unsociable being—for shame, Hargrave, not to take a wife all these years.

Sir W. Oh, Ormond! you have touched the string on which hang all my sorrows.—(*Taking Lady Harriet's hand*) I had once a daughter, who promis'd to be as fair as this sweet maid, and fondly hoped the firm attachment of the fathers would have devolved unto our children; and viewed with secret joy the arrival of that day, when your daughter and my little darling would feel the firm ties of friendship strengthen with their years, and to each other prove a second self.—A dear companion too I once possessed, but 'twas delusion all, she and my sweet smiling Emmeline are lost for ever.

Lord Or. This is a part of your history with which I'm unacquainted.

Sir W. You, Ormond, know not half my sufferings; and, but too indulgent friendship's ear, will my broken spirit permit me to impart them.

Lord Or. And friendship, I trust, will soon calm your disordered mind.—But come, to-night, to-morrow and the next day be given to joy and festivity; the will of my generous brother is well known to you; to-morrow, which
enters

enters my boy Frederick into his six and twentieth year, puts him in possession of the Northumbrian estate.

ENTER COURSER *running to the EARL.*

Cour. Ah! my dear earl;—rot me if I know what is the matter with me.—(*Puffs and fans himself with his cap.*) But such a chace! I'd give the best fox-hunt in England for it's fellow; the dear little creature—O lord, I am so out of breath—when I came up—

Lord Or. But Courser, Courser, do you perceive nobody in the room you have not seen since their arrival?

Cour. In the room! ha! where? O curse my thick skull; I've been thinking of nothing but tally-ho's—yoik's, and whippers-in since I've been in the country.—To be sure, ladies, I am but a civilized monster; but however, if you will let me mount my hobby without interruption, I'll be as silent about your red paints and white washes as any mute in christendom.

Lady C. O sir, you are perfectly at your own disposal—a civilized monster did he call himself?

Lady H. The evening looks beautiful; will a walk be agreeable, Caroline? Our sweet little villager is to meet me in the orange grove.

Lady C. Nothing more delightful than a walk by moonlight; besides I long to see our rural companion: How is the sweet girl.

Hen. As beautiful as an angel, when your ladyship is not by; but may we have the honor to attend you?

Lady H. O not for the world would I have a male creature with us to-night.

Exeunt Ladies.

Lord M. Mischief, on my life, by the looks of that roguish sister of mine.

Lord Or. Well, though we are prohibited the orange grove, the terrace, near the canal, is free for us.

Hen. The fittest place in the world, meandering streams, where Cynthia deigns to cast her palid beams, suits well the contemplative mind of man.

Lord O. Go to Harry, you will never be sedate.

Exeunt all but Henry and Courser.

Hen. Well, but Courser, what chace is this you are so enamoured of.

Cour. Aye, Harry, you are a man after my own heart—prefer the sweet music of the full-mouth'd hounds to the insipid scandal of a modern tea table.—But to convince you I am not entirely devoted to Diana, my last chace was after a blue eyed maid, a very Venus! O that I had been an Adonis for her sake.

Hen. A blue-eyed maid! what, near the castle!

Cour. Just across the field—I saw her with the bloom of Hebe mantling on her cheek.—Egad, I believe I'm inspired.

Hen. Egad, I believe you are; but I hope not with my mistress. (*aside.*) Do you know her name?

Cour. Her name! no damme if I know her name; but her breath was the very essence of perfume.

Hen. I shall go distracted! (*aside*) How was she attired?

Cour. With all the graces playing in her smiles.

Hen. Prithee, Courser, be serious; it concerns me much.

Cour. Serious!

Cour. Serious! Did you ever know me serious two minutes together, except in a serious chace? But however, as it concerns you so much, I think I have heard her called Emmeline.—When the dear soul saw she could not escape, and I had hush'd her present fears, the modest grace with which she gave her hand, when her sweet lips in contact met with mine.—

Hen. Hold! hold! damnation! you surely did not dare——what right had you to——O!

Cour. Hey day! why what the devil is the matter with the fellow now? Ar'nt you touch'd a little here, my friend? (*pointing to his head.*) Pray, have you a licence for monopolizing beauty? Zounds, it's time to be serious; so let me ask you one question.—In the name of wonder, why are you so anxious about a poor country girl?

Hen. (*aside*) 'Tis now no time for counterfeits.—Sir, I believe you to be a gentleman, and a man of honor; and the secret will be full as safe in your breast as my own.

Cour. Believe me, sir, whate'er concerns my friend, no rack should force me to disclose.—Thank heaven, I am not so depraved; the woes which rend another's breast are felt superior in the pangs of mine.

Hen. I expected no less from your gen'rous friendship; but now it comes to the test.—This very girl you but so lately met, holds fast my heart in adamant chains, and should her eye speak favor to your wish, Harry is lost indeed.

Cour. There is a levity in youth, my friend, and which excels in thee, that makes me doubt thy honor in this instance.

stance.—If you mean her fair, I should esteem myself the veriest wretch, but to protract the union of two virtuous hearts.—I shall examine well thy conduct in the space; and if the least dishonor mutilates thy sense, here stands a man who has felt the power of her charms.—Guess the rest.

Exit.

Hen. Adieu, my sentimental sir, thy words I mind not more than the air which form'd them.—Emme shall crown with joy my fondest hopes, and hurl defiance in this sportsman's teeth.

The pure white snow, that on the mountain's cliff
Melts in the warm embraces of the sun,
A type is of my Emme's fluttering heart,
When, by my wiley snare, her heart is won.
The glorious prospect cheers my feeble sight,
And blissful visions crowd both day and night.

Exit.

The First Scene—the Sun changed for the Moon.

ENTER PHOEBE.

Ah! silly maid, thus to believe
The tale he told was true;
Man's province is but to deceive,
We dare to trust but few.

Proud of my love, with sprightly song;
I flew o'er hill and dale;
Sweet philomel, with warbling notes,
Would join me in the vale.

But now I shun the very spot
Where once I lov'd to stray;
From sons of mirth, ah! now I fly,
And sol's salubrious ray.

There she lives—I wish I could spoil her bewitching eyes—every young fellow must be running after she.—There ar'nt a girl in the village but rues the day she return'd from France.—I wish to my heart they had made a nun of her, and then Colin would never have left me.—Here she comes across the field; well, now for the life of me can I think her handsome.—Good la, why should I be afraid to speak to her; I'm a better body's child than she, and so efaith I'll tell her (*crying*) for she has no right to take every girl's sweetheart away.

ENTER EMMELINE.

Emme. Phœbe, tell me what occasions your grief; come, come, if it is on Colin's account be assured you have no cause to be uneasy.

Phæbe. No, I ca—can't speak.—I do not want you. (*sobbing.*)

Emme. Indeed, this is unkind; I would be your companion, your friend, if you would not shun me thus.

Phæbe. You my friend! no, you are my greatest enemy.—I never knew any thing but happiness till you came in the way.

Emme. Indeed, my dear girl, I am sorry I have caused you a moment's uneasiness. I will never rob you of your Colin; I have been talking seriously to him.

D 2

Phæbe.

Phæbe. But if so be he robs me of himself, no matter who he prefers.

Emme. Colin will soon recede from my determined coolness.—A traveller, wearied with a tedious track, who spies a tempting road, gladly pursues the new unbeaten way; but finds, ere long, thick spreading brambles intercept his passage, and force him to his old frequented path. So Colin, conscious of his error, will soon return repentant to his love, his dear injured Phæbe.—Were it for your sake alone, I would never receive him as my destined husband; as a friend I ever must esteem him.

Phæbe. Ah! Emme, how kind you are! I thought just now I hated you; but indeed I do not; I feel your goodness, which has so rais'd my spirits that I now am happy.

Emme. Hold, hold, child; the transition is too quick; you cannot be happy and miserable in the same moment.

Phæbe. True, Emme, I had forgot he loves you better than all the world besides.

Emme. He fancies so; but when he finds his passion unrequited, that friendly esteem he ever bore you will soon ripen to the most ardent affection; and depend upon it, love founded on such a basis is far more permanent than where interest governs passion.

Phæbe. And may I not fear that the friendly regard, which I have often heard you say you bear him, may ripen into love? if so what will become of Phæbe?

No more to face the cheerful day,
 No more to trip the verdant lawn,
 Nor join with song the shepherd's reed,
 Nor watch the fold and playful fawn.

With

With sighs and tears the wheel I'll turn,
 Regardless of the thread I spin;
And fade away like blighted flow'rs
 If lost the heart I wish to win.

Emme. That's my good girl; how many more tormenting reflections will you now suggest?

Phæbe. Ah! *Emme*, you may laugh, but I have one yet.—Perhaps in his heart he may despise me; for though as how I'm sorry for it, but he knows I love him.

Emme. With some characters there might be ground for your suspicion; but I so well know the goodness of the farmer's heart, that he would rather despise himself for thus unguardedly winning your affections.—So set your heart at rest, you have every thing to hope from my friendship and Colin's intrinsic merit.

Phæbe. I am ashamed, dear *Emmeline*, to think how ill I have behaved; but you are too noble to bear resentment.

Emme. No more of that, I well knew the cause, and have long sought an opportunity to convince you of my sincerity.

Phæbe. Indeed, indeed, I am convinced; I should be very ungrateful if I were not.

Both.—Fly sorrow on thy baneful wing,
 Soft balmy joys sweet hope shall bring;
And like the birds on yonder spray,
 With pleasure view return of day.

Phæbe. Reclin'd on thy all-friendly breast,
 Thou'lt sooth, fair maid, my woes to rest.

Emme. Then welcome hope, and banish sorrow,
Expectance ever waits the morrow.

Both.—Then welcome, &c.

Exit Phæbe.

Emme. I'm glad I've set thy heart at rest; but who is there to lighten mine? The smiles of the man I love serve but to depress my spirits; and the stronger assurance he gives me of his affection, the more have I to dread—to tremble at the discovery.—Ought I to frequent the castle? Should I not acquaint my dear patroness, Lady Harriet, how unworthy an object she honors with her friendship? One who raises her aspiring hopes—hopes did I say! ah, no! I'm a poor desolate maid, destitute of the smallest ray.

If he a village swain had been,
and tun'd his oaten reed
As soon as morn's proclaimers seen
We'd brush'd the dewy mead.
Like nature's beauteous flowers,
Cheer'd by the rising sun,
I then had hop'd—but now, alas!
Despair and I are one.
Deign, O Cupid, deign to say,
Where a wretched maid can stray.

I sigh not for the courtly round,
Gay fashion's train is there;
In empty, idle tumults found,
Quick succession, height'ning care.

Hope,

Hope, soft delusion of the soul,
 Why for ever dost thou flee?
 Year on year successive roll,
 Must, ah! must I sigh for thee?
 Giddy trifler, deign to say
 Where a hapless maid can stray.

Goes into the Cottage.

The Inside of the Cottage.—DANVERS *sitting melancholy,*
 EMMELINE *standing by her.*

Emme. Indeed, my dear mother; I will not leave you, if, in my absence, you give your mind a prey to melancholy ideas.—I will send to the castle, and beg Lady Harriet to excuse me.

Danv. No, no, child, do not regard me.

Emme. Tell me, why I am to be for ever kept in the dark.—Is Emmeline unworthy your Confidence? Do not treat me as a child only, but a friend, who wishes to alleviate, if possible; if not, to share your affliction.

Danv. And why, my dear Emmeline, should I pain thy gentle bosom by a recital of woes, which heaven has inflicted on me for my disobedience to a once kind father. 'Tis self accusation, my dear love, that sharpens the pang of reflection.

Emme. 'Tis impossible my dear mother could ever act unworthy of herself.—Your liberal education plainly indicates your present situation to be inferior to that you once enjoyed.—But you will not trust me.

Danv. 'Tis not want of confidence makes me refuse to gratify you, but tenderness for your peace; should you learn

learn the vicissitudes of fortune I have experienced, severe would be your reflections on your present situation, when compar'd to that you were born to enjoy.

Emme. Then, that fortitude which has enabled you to combat the ills of life you think me totally devoid of; for light must have been my trials as downy feathers floating in the air, to yours, yet you apprehend me less capable of supporting them.—Come, come, unbosom yourself, and you shall find the tale affect me but as it wounds your feelings.—Do not deprive me of the power of offering that consolation which my present ignorance renders me incapable of.

Danu. Well, well, but it grows late; secure the door, and e'er morning you shall know all.

Emmeline fastens the door, then, with her mother, enters an inner Apartment.

A Dressing Room in the Castle, Lady Caroline at a Table reading—puts away the Book.

Lady C. How unfathomable is the heart of this Frederick! If he love me, why treat me with such indifference during his stay in town, and pay that attention to every other woman, which, from his frequent solicitations for my affection, are surely alone due to me? 'Tis impossible he can love, or he would never trifle thus with the woman he admired.—And yet, methinks, oft' have I seen his eyes fix'd with tender attention towards me, but if observed would instantly turn them to some other object; or speak with an air of frivolous unmeaning, so different from
his

his character, that it has stagger'd the belief of my own senses.—Heigho! I wish Harriet would come.

(reads.)

ENTER LORD MARCHMONT.

Lord M. (aside.) There sits my soul's enchantress.—
O, I could gaze for ever on her thus.

Lady C. O Harriet, I have a thousand things to say.—
Bless me, Lord Marchmont, what brings you here?

Lord M. A lover's privilege I claim, dear Caroline.

Lady C. Indeed, your lordship has very little right to such a claim.

Lord M. Pardon, dear angel, this intrusion; but I long'd for a moment in which I could make my peace, and repeat the ardency of my passion.

Lady C. Indeed, sir, it is a tale no oftner told than broken, whenever a new face presents itself; therefore I'm resolved no longer to be subject to the caprice of such a man, I shall acquaint the duke with my resolution, who is too indulgent to force me to be wretched.

Lord M. Do I, Caroline, make you wretched?

Lady C. You would, were I to put it in your power, Marchmont; but, though I have ever paid implicit obedience to the will of my father, in this point I must be indulged I cannot give up my happiness for ever.

Lord M. Curse on thy folly, Marchmont; or rather, curse thy too well grounded suspicions.

E

ENTER

ENTER LADY HARRIET.

Lady H. Bless me, brother, you terrify me to death by such dreadful exclamations.—Dear Caroline, what is the meaning of all this? Suffer me to make up this little difference.—Come, Frederick, here is her ladyship's hand. — What, not take it?

Lord M. O no, 'tis not a voluntary gift; yet I will seize and press it to my lips—my heart; and, silent, pour the effusions of a a tortur'd soul.

Lady C. (withdrawing her hand) I will be dup'd no longer by such fictitious passions.

Lord M. 'Tis well—you, Harriet, know my heart; sue, plead for me; words cannot find a passage now for utterance.

Exit.

Lady H. Aye, aye, I'll plead for you, my sweet sir; but if I don't play you a trick, never let your proud sex dread the frowns of the woman they adore.—Come, Caroline, indeed you are wrong; how often am I to assure you my brother lives but in your sight; his conduct, I own, has been somewhat mysterious, but the true cause I've discovered to-day: So set that little flutterer at rest, and prepare to meet him in the morning with all your wonted sweetness

Lady C. I fear, cousin, he has too powerful an advocate within, which I would hide, even from myself.

Lady H. And I pray thee why, sweet coz? Is it not the wish, both of the duke and your uncle, to see you united?

united? But such is the general conduct of mankind, that when a wished-for blessing is beyond our reach, every earthly experiment is practised to possess ourselves of this valued treasure; but when we actually need only stretch forth our hands to obtain it, a thousand imaginary difficulties rise, and we at last throw wantonly away this long-sought acquisition.—There must be something vastly agreeable in this state of anxiety, which you and Frederick so imminently possess, that you keep up the ball so long. Thank heaven, 'tis a state I never experienced, so can but poorly judge of its pleasures.

Lady C. Why! what, in the name of wonders, would you have me do? run into your brother's arms, child!

Lady H. That I'll leave to your own discretion; but when he is tender you are reserved; when he appears cold, or gallant with another, you feel piqued and wretched; as for concealing your affection, believe me it is evident to all but the mad-headed Marchmont.—The ancients did well to paint the little urchin blind.

Lady C. Go, giddy girl, you know not what it is to live in doubt.

Lady H. True, poor love-sick Caroline!—I met with a man like myself, too candid to admit of doubt, by which I've lost those pleasing torments—no contemptuous frown to render the smile of reconciliation doubly dear—all go on fair and softly—poor humdrum lovers I grant you.

Lady C. A truce with this nonsense, and let me know what discovery you have made to day.

Lady H. In the first place, he is rack'd by suspicion.

Lady C. What can be the cause?—I never gave him any.

Lady H. Yes, but in good truth you have; and when I reflect on your absurd coyness, I begin to relent in the young man's favor.

Lady C. Be serious, if you can, for one moment; I cannot bear this trifling, Lady Harriet.

Lady H. Really your ladyship's impetuosity is greatly to be pitied.—Patience is a great virtue, child; 'tis the finest balsamic in the world.—But in mercy to that rebel heart of thine; he imagines, that in obedience to your father's commands, you sacrifice to him your hand, instead of voluntarily giving him your heart; and he is determined never to accept it till he has some assurance of your affection.

Lady C. Noble Frederick! how has my heart accused him of those generous sentiments!

Lady H. His cavalier treatment of you in town was in order to excite your jealousy; but he shall be foil'd with his own weapons; I'll make him more quick-sighted I warrant, but you must assist me.

Lady C. Pardon me, Harriet, I'll join in no scheme to make him uneasy.

Lady H. Pshaw, nonsense! the cup of life must be tinged with bitters to make us taste its sweets in a more exquisite degree.—He now only suspects you to be indifferent, and you must not undeceive him; so we will produce a gay young fellow, to whom you are to pay every attention, and receive from him the strongest assurances of affection.—Treat the suspected youth with infinite good humour, laugh at his wild sallies of love, and bestow a thousand little favors on this supposed rival.

Lady C. Hold, hold, dear girl, this is the first time I ever knew you merit censure; your succession of ideas

are too rapid for you to view this plan in its true light.—Your own good sense, after a moment's reflection, will point out the impropriety.—Conceive how indelicate, how diametrically opposite to a woman of honor such a proceeding must be; 'twould lessen me in my own opinion, how then should I sink in the eyes of the world.—There is a sting in scandal which reaches every situation in life, and, like the wind, flies imperceptibly to every corner.—A woman, Harriet, who thus trifles with a man, however innocent her views, lays herself open to a babbling world, of which the worthy part might silently condemn; but think what scope for those malicious beings, who feel no pleasure like dissecting characters more worthy than their own.

Lady H. Pray, is your ladyship's dissertation on prudence over? if not, I'll patiently wait the conclusion; and let the result be what it will, I'll pursue my plan; and if you dare to frustrate it—I've spoken to Sir Harry Wilding, who promises to act his part to the life.

Lady C. Heavens! you surely have not been so imprudent; a stranger too, 'tis madness!

Lady H. Thou dear sweet little prude, how those frowns become thee! I protest, were I Frederick, I would keep thee in a constant ill-humour.—But as your ladyship is resolved to bear no part in it, it cannot be carried on—so good night.

Lady C. Stay, Harriet, I wish to convince you of the impropriety—not to quarrel with you.

Lady H. O dear, no, I don't mean any such thing; but I must write directly to my fair friend, that she may not assume the character of Sir Harry, as there is no one to support her in it.

Lady

Lady C. Who? what a woman! come, dear Harriet, and charm me with the monosyllable.

Lady H. What, with no, do you mean, child? I am sorry Caroline could, for a moment, harbour a thought so contrary to the disposition of her Harriet.—Don't you deserve to be chastised?

Lady C. Granted, dear teasing girl, but trust to your clemency.

Lady H. Well, then, my father knows of and approves my plan exceedingly; you are, at breakfast, to give him a letter, which is ready wrote, and soon after, Emmeline, in a suit *en militaire*, will make her entrée in her new character.

Lady C. Admirably contrived; but I fancy I shall not have enough of the coquette to create the smallest fear.

Lady H. Pho, pho, a look will turn his brain; but it grows late, and to-morrow will be a day of business.

Both.—Adieu, now begone, at the silent god's shrine,
A vot'ry am I, come, ah power divine!
In thy golden fetters, secure thro' the night,
Fond fancy shall feed on sweet dreams of delight.
May gentle repose on thy eye-lids attend,
Till morning restores thee again to thy friend.

Exeunt.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

In the Back Ground is discovered a Fox, pursued and run down by the Hounds, Horsemen, &c.—The Scene closes.

ENTER JACK COURSER *with the Fox's Brush in his Hat,*
HENRY, SPORTSMEN, &c.

COURSER.

HUZZA! well done my lads, devilish good sport; unkennell'd and in at the death in two hours.—Which of you can shew me a trophy like this?—(*pulling off his hat*) Let's now see—'tis full nine, and I suppose your lazy brother and his troop are hardly stirring.—Egad, I'll give them a wheu hallo; (*goes to the side of the scenes and hallos*) what a shame to lie snoring this fine morning.

Hen. Egad I'm of your opinion; we set them a good example if they would but follow it.

As

As morn's blooming goddess peep'd forth from the east,
 And bade jolly sportsmen arise;
 Arous'd from my slumber, tantara I cried,
 The bugle-horn sound's thro' the skies.
 Away we all flew, where the welkin resounds,
 With the eager pack quicken'd our pace;
 The high mettled steed stretches wide o'er the ground,
 And joy fill's each true son of the chace.

Chorus of Sportsmen—Away we all flew, &c.

In slumbers so useless how can man indulge,
 Who scarcely can breakfast by noon;
 While Dian's bold vot'ries in exercise gain
 Contentment and health for their boon.
 Away we all flew, where the welkin resounds,
 With the eager pack quicken'd our pace;
 The high mettled steed stretches wide o'er the ground,
 And joy fill's each true son of the chace.

Away we all flew, &c.

Come, now in for breakfast.

Cour. Not I, believe me.—What tea, forsooth, to invigorate my spirits, and nerve my arm to hold in a hard mouth'd horse, leap a five-bar'd gate, and run you sixty miles an end.—Give me glorious roast beef, eggs, and good ale, and such bracing stuff as was used by our maiden queen.—No effeminate jacks then; no tippy bobs, the ridicule of the whole nation; nor walking jockeys, who never cross'd a horse in their lives, or if they did by chance, scarce knew which side to mount; their heels, mercury like, a mile behind, and their knees and elbows jarring like discontented neighbours.

Hen.

Hen. Ha! ha! ha! A fine description of city horse-manship, truly.

Cour. And then to be stew'd up with a couple of green girls, obliged to simper and approve of every thing they say; besides having my breath stop'd with their damn'd perfumes.—O hideous!—No, no, my friend, I'll in search of adventures; you to your monkey tricks to please the women.

Hen. You're a queer fish.—Come, my friends, let's leave him to his modern practice of ancient absurdities.

Cour. Adieu!

Exeunt on one side Henry, &c. on the other

ENTER COLIN.

Colin. Well, after all, man is certainly the most ungrateful being in the world; discontent will spring from want of real misfortunes, and it is our nature to sigh for what we cannot obtain.—I thirst not for wealth; more than I have would be an incumbrance, and my business requires no more of me than my spirits find necessary.—So, for want of other misfortunes I must let love's pois'nous draught embitter that life heaven meant should be replete with happiness.—Fool, fool, but for thine own fickle disposition, thou hadst been truly happy. Phœbe would have made thee so; 'tis thy place to despise a man who has deceiv'd thee as I have done.

How happy should man be when nature he views,

Each hour improv'd for his use;

Yet spite of the blessings creation affords,

He'll sigh, and each blessing abuse.

F

See

See the birds on the spray,
 How they warble each day,
 Their matins of grateful return;
 Learn from them, filly man,
 All your sorrows to scan,
 While your hearts with sweet gratitude burn.

Exit.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM, *looking at his Watch.*

Sir W. By this time I should suppose Ormond to be stirring, that is, if he's as early as when a young man; however, as I promis'd to walk with him half an hour before breakfast, I'll repair to the plantation.—How beautiful is the face of the country! But I shall see more of it after breakfast, as I shall visit every house, and try the affection of my tenants towards their long-lost master.—My next care shall be to redress grievances, and punish the unworthy.—I have now, alas! no other cares.—Ha! this is a very neat cottage, and a lovely inhabitant stepping from it——

EMMELINE *crosses the Stage.*

Young woman, a word with you.

Emme. With me, sir!

Sir W. If your father is in the way, I would speak with him.

Emme. The blessing of that parent is deny'd me.—I never knew my father; a mother is the only relation I have ever seen.

Sir W. Have you no friends, sweet maid?

Emme. Yes, fir: Heaven, in its bountiful goodness, has given us Lord Ormond, and his amiable daughter, for our friends.

Sir W. (aside) There is something interesting in this girl's manner, so unlike a villager, that I must speak further to her.—How came Lord Ormond first to bestow his liberality on you?

Emme. Lord Ormond, and his amiable Countess, were too benificent not to relieve real distress, when back'd by humility; but his Lordship's generosity to us has been beyond all bounds.

Sir W. I must share the pleasure Lord Ormond receives, by uniting our interest for you; confident you must have singular merit to attract such peculiar attention.

Emme. Your goodness, fir, claims my warmest thanks; but Lord Ormond leaves us no room to wish for more.

Sir W. Then you must be happy! (*Emme shakes her head and sighs.*) Why that sigh? if you have no wish ungratified, why that change of countenance? But perhaps I see the cause; some amiable youth has engaged your heart, which seems fraught with delicacy and sentiment.

Emme. No, I assure you, what cares I have rise from a different spring.

With joy had pass'd my youthful days,
And pleasure ripen'd with the year,
Had not a tender mother's woe
Forc'd from my eyes the filial tear.

Corroding cares her peace invade,
 And bid the constant throb arise;
 The mossy grot, and vernal gale,
 But echo back her mournful sighs.

Sir W. I feel a strange propensity to know those sorrows which you so harmoniously express.

Emme. What has fallen within my own knowledge is but trifling, nor am I permitted to hint at the afflictions of my poor mother.—As far as relates to myself, and what brought us to the knowledge of the Earl, I will inform you.—Business of great importance call'd my father to a foreign land, where my mother and self, then an infant, were, in a few months, to join him; but we had scarcely left the harbour, ere a dreadful tempest rose, threat'ning destruction to every vessel.—The crew, seeing themselves driven towards their own coast, felt a beam of hope break through the dreadful prospect; but 'twas, alas! delusion; for the vessel in a short time was shatter'd by a tremendous flash of lightning, and all perish'd except my mother and myself.—The angry surges toss'd us on this shore, where the late steward of my lord saw and relieved our miserable condition, and presented us to his lordship as objects worthy his protection.

Sir W. (much agitated.) Oh! all gracious heaven! surely such a blessing is not in store.—But one question will decide it. *(aside.)* What was your father and your mother's name.

Emme. Danvers, sir.

Sir W. Alas! how transient was the hoped-for blessing!
(aside.) Go on.

Emme.

Emme. I was then placed in the nursery, as companion to Lady Harriet, and at twelve years of age, accompanied her to the convent of St. Clair.—On my return, finding melancholy prey upon my mother's spirits, I beg'd permission of Lady Harriet to reside with her, which she readily complied with, and still honors me with her warmest friendship.

Sir W. I fear I have been impertinent, but receive my thanks.

Emme. The morning is far advanced, sir, and I must take my leave.

Exit.

Sir W. How does this narrative tell with the circumstances of my beloved Eliza.—But the name, aye, aye, the name puts it out of all manner of doubt.—I still am doom'd to behold her in idea only.—This girl too, her air and manners so gently modest, so unspeakably elegant, in short, the very counterpart of my beloved Eliza, and near the same age my infant would have been.—But let me not dwell on this subject; I will seek my friend, and in his council find relief.

Exit.

A Room in the Castle.—Enter HENRY.

Hen. Not here! I have been hunting for this good father of mine, through every room in this house, without effect.—Where can he and Sir William have hid themselves, just in the moment they are most wanted.—

ENTER

ENTER VILLARS.

Apropos, Villars, go and seek Lord Ormond; let him know we wait breakfast.—Why don't you go?

Villars. I am going, sir, an't I?

Hen. Going! yes; but how? Fly, sir, begone, quick.

Villars. I'm going, sir, an't I? I—I—I'm going.
aside as he goes out) Damme, I'm no servant of yours.

Hen. Confound the fellow, I'd better have gone myself, it will be half an hour ere he reaches the gate.—It's not too late now.

Exit,

A Garden.—On one Side an Arbour, in which are discovered LORD ORMOND and SIR WILLIAM.—They come forward.

Sir W. Sir Philip had selected from his acquaintance an old tottering earl, to whom he meant to sacrifice my charming girl; unable to exist in the arms of another, particularly one she despised, she soon consented to elope with me; and conscious I had not degraded her family, by fortune, or by birth, I flatter'd myself a short period would restore us to the favor of Sir Philip; but he remained inflexible.—The earl had not courage to challenge, but insulted me through the means of his friends wherever we met.—Hurt by such constant ill-treatment, I call'd out any one who dar'd to vindicate the superannuated peer, in his repeated insults; when a young bully step'd forwards, and sever'd me for ever from my wife and child.

For,

For, unfortunately, proving successful, I left the youth for dead; retreated with precipitation, and sent a letter to my beloved girl, expressing the cause of my sudden departure, and entreating her to follow me by the first vessel to Brussels.—Too fatally, alas! she complied, for scarce had the vessel put to sea, when, by a tempest rising, what my soul held most dear on earth, together with the crew, were, in a moment, launch'd into the dark abyss of eternity.—Oh! Ormond, forgive the tributary tear, due to the memory of a much-lov'd faint.—Anxiously enquiring when the St. Catherine would arrive, the sad news of her sudden dissolution struck my expecting ears—distraction seized my brain—I was one year lost to myself.

Lord Or. (aside) It must be so; 'twas the St. Catherine that was wrecked on this coast, and cast Danvers, with the lovely Emmeline, on shore.—O joy inexpressible! and can it be the wife and daughter of my friend I have so long protected!—Much indeed, Hargrave, have you suffered; but there are joys in store of which you little think.

Sir W. Hold, Ormond, there is too great a perturbation here: A gentle walk will calm my disordered mind, then I'll accept the healing draught which the kind hand of friendship offers.

Exit.

Lord Or. My heart melts at his sufferings; but 'twill be better to disclose the truth some other time; I will not hint it to any one, lest in the fulness of their hearts they should reveal it before he is prepared.

ENTER

VILLAGE MAID.

ENTER HENRY.

The sight of Henry has struck me with an idea, I would give half my estate to accomplish.—I think there is no fear of it.

Hen. (aside) O he's here, and in a pretty musing mood: Good morning to your lordship, I hope I do not break in upon your studies.

Lord O. No, Harry, I was just wishing for you.

Hen. I'm your's, my lord.—But I hope you don't forget we have not breakfasted.

Lord Or. Come, come, no trifling; be serious for a moment.

Hen. The period is so short, that I must comply.—Now, sir, for your commands.

Lord Or. You must answer me one question with sincerity.

Hen. I was never more disposed to any thing in my life, sir.

Lord Or. You cannot be ignorant how happy I esteem myself in the choice of Frederick and Harriet; nor do I doubt, my dear boy, that you will render yourself less worthy my affection.—Then tell me, has no fair amiable girl been found worthy of a place in your esteem? or is your heart still free from the power of love.

Hen. My heart has not felt the power of beauty more than it could shake off the next moment.—To be totally insensible of the charming sex would not suit a young fellow of my spirits, who, though not quite an alien to female elegance, is not a slave to its capricious humours.

Lord Or.

Lord Or. I'm pleas'd to hear it, Henry, as you can start no objection to be introduc'd to a young lady of fashion, with an immense fortune, and a large share of beauty, united to every accomplishment that can adorn her sex; nor is her merit inferior to her charms, each striving to outvie the other.

Hen. (gravely) Who is this piece of excellence, my lord?

Lord Or. That you'll know soon enough.

Hen. (aside) So I fear.

Lord Or. But because I praise her, boy, I don't command you to adore her; only see her, and if you can love each other, receive her with a double portion of my blessing.—But as your happiness is my only object, time may produce one more amiable in your eyes, and no less so in mine.—All my request is, that you accompany me to my friend's for a few days.—*(aside)* I know the young dog loves her, and should she prove the daughter of Sir William, what exquisite satisfaction will it not afford me.—He looks devilish blank upon it.—Come, don't look grave, boy; I do not doubt but that your choice will prove worthy the dignity of your birth.—If she has merit, she need not be the daughter of a lord to recommend her.

Hen. I am very sensible of your lordship's good intentions towards me.

Lord Or. (clapping him on the Shoulder) Aye, aye; so that she is not quite an unknown.

Exit.

G

Hen.

Hen. So that she is not quite an unknown! there is something in those words that stagger me.—Sure he cannot have discovered my love for the chaming villager.—So that she is not quite an unknown! that spake a negative at once to my union with Emme.—I dare not act so contrary to the will of an indulgent parent.—Yet dare I do a deed so black, to gratify myself, regardless of the girl I love, and at once deprive her of the only dependence poverty can have, sweet blushing innocence!—But away, thou empty phantom, she must, she shall be mine! To live without her—no, damme if 'tis living at all. — Yet will my angel risk her little all with me?—Oh! heart rending thought! Colin too evident she loves; happy, envied rustic!

Ah! where can I seek for repose?

Not the sweets of this lively paterre,
Not the vi'let, jess'min, or rose,
Not this bower secluded from care,

Where oft' I've with pleasure reclin'd
Nor this grotto of moss cover'd stone,
Can sooth my sad anguish of mind,
Or sweet peace all my troubles dethrone.

An hour's reflection, Harry, will sink thee into a downright whining lover.—That must never be; Harriet will laugh, Frederick triumph, and my good father learn the object of my adoration. I must preserve my native volubility, and wear a mask, to which I have ever been a stranger. Dissimulation has not yet been a trait of my character,

but sooner than lose her I must have recourse to it; for without my beauteous Emmeline, the world, and all its joys, appear a dreary waste.

The dew-drop of morning no sooner appears,
Than the lark's warbling lyre proclaims it new day;
The woodbine her night-fallen crest again rears,
And the roses expanding their beauties display.

The fresh scented gale wafts its sweetness around,
And gently the dew-drop is shook from the thorn;
The young sportive lambs o'er the fields swiftly bound,
And nature in gratitude hails the new morn.

All enjoy the soft pow'r of Phœbus's ray,
But man, if o'ertaken by Cupid, is thrown;
All the sweets of creation unseen pass away,
And man, only man, is insensible grown.

Exit.

Scene.—SIR WILLIAM, LORD ORMOND, LORD MARCHMONT, LADY HARRIET, LADY CAROLINE and COLONEL at Breakfast, are joined by HENRY.

Lady C. (presenting Lord Or. with a Letter) Favor me, my lord, by perusing that, and do me the justice to believe me ignorant of the Baronet's intentions, or I would not have suffered him to have intruded thus.

Lord Or. (reads) "Do not imagine, divine Caroline, that I can bear this cruel separation any longer; I shall arrive at the Castle soon after the receipt of this.—I will

leave you to make my apologies to the Earl, for believe me, I can feel no happiness in the absence of my beloved Caroline.—All that was before cheerful is now insipid to your ladyship's ever faithful and ardent admirer,

HARRY WILDING."

(*Returning the Letter*) Depend upon it, who ever you honor with the smile of approbation, shall be welcome at the castle.

Lady C. Indeed, sir, I blush for this intrusion; but receive my grateful thanks. I doubt not, but that on a nearer acquaintance with the young Baronet, your Lordship will find him worthy your good opinion.

Lord M. Death to my every hope, a favor'd rival! (*aside*)

Lord Or. I have heard much of his merits before.—Pray did the capital produce this young Mars? Harriet tells me he is a votary to that god, as well as beauty.

Lady C. Yes, uncle, 'tis dear London which presents every charming object to our view.

Sir W. Your ladyship seems fond of town; indeed it has innumerable charms for youth, though I know little of it, being in Gloucestershire when not at college, and quitting England very young.

Lady C. No, Sir William, I think the charms of the country far preferable to those of the metropolis.

Lord M. (*sarcastically*) And yet Lady Caroline can admire a town-bred beau, Sir William.

Lady C. I'm sure your lordship knows nothing of Sir Harry.—Poor Marchmont, but I'm not at liberty to think (*aside*.) Town, Sir William, would have its charms, could we pursue its enjoyments without running
into

into the mad career of folly and dissipation; but in high life 'tis impossible. — A little country gentlewoman, as my facetious Harriet styles herself, is to me far more agreeable.

Lady H. Who makes free with my name?

Lady C. The Colonel wants to speak with you, child; don't interrupt me I pray you. What with visiting from two to four; dressing for one or more nightly revels; and sleeping the next forenoon to make up the loss of rest on the preceding evening; I protest there is no time to examine the thoughts of our own hearts, for want of which they impertinently intrude on our gayer moments, and damp the very small degree of satisfaction we should otherwise derive from the brilliancy of the circle we frequent, where wit flies without judgment, and scandal without remorse.

Sir W. This is more than I could have expected from a lady of your distinction in the beau monde.

Lady C. It is the true picture of a woman of fashion I assure you. — Satiated, fatigued, and envious of another's lustre, in a spleenetic humour she returns home, offended with every thing that appears, and often wonders the great care she has taken to support, by her own elegance and taste, the dignity of her lord, that they are not on the best terms imaginable, contests ensue, and downright quarrels at last destroy the effects of connubial felicity.

Col. Your ladyship does not afford the most favorable description, I confess.

Lady C. You, Grenville, admire it; but it is a life of too much irregularity for me. — Those impertinent shuttle-

COCKS

cocks are annoying in the extreme.—Lady Bell Flutter, the other evening, with her wonted volubility, exclaimed, Dear Lady Caroline! I rejoice to see you; I trembled lest you had entirely forsaken the beau monde. I have such news for you! I replied—Your ladyship is ever entertaining.—Scarce waiting for the compliment, she ran on with a whole string of expected divorces, elopements, ruin'd fortunes, &c. &c. with all the embellishments of her prolific fancy, to pass them on the world as indisputable facts. On perceiving a group of her acquaintance, she left me with more precipitancy than she flew to me, to pour into the ears of her new auditors those important secrets, which ow'd their origin to the ill-tim'd asperities of disappointed malevolence.

Col. Ha! ha! ha! Upon my word, madam, Lady Bell shines as you have pourtrayed her.—But, without jesting, what is your real opinion of a woman of fashion.

Lady C. A silly thing, that attracts the eye, but cannot delude the sense.—'Tis like the Corinthian column, a light elegant structure, but wants the solidity of the Tuscan order to render it worth attention.

ENTER SERVANT.

Ser. Sir Harry Wilding, my lord.

ENTER EMMELINE *in Regimentals*, bows to the company,
and goes up to Lady Caroline.

Emme. Dear Lady Caroline, you cannot conceive how wretched this sudden flight had made me.—Pardon, my lord, this liberty, but let these charms plead my excuse.

Lord

Lord Or. Sir Harry confers an honor on my family.

Lord M. Confusion! See the confidential coxcomb; but they shall not perceive I'm hurt; I'll be as indifferent as she is cruel. (*Hums a tune, and walks a minuet step across the stage.*)

Lady H. Indeed, Sir Harry, I rejoice at your arrival; we were quite dull for want of a beau.

Emme. Surely your ladyship forgets there are five gentlemen present.

Lady H. True—but we don't expect gallantry from old men; and brothers only look on a sister as an interloper.—The Colonel was once a good sort of a man to be sure, but like all your opinionated fellows, he no sooner finds a woman of rank feels a penchant for him, than he sinks into such a humdrum being, that there is no bearing him. He looks as if he already felt the fetters of hymen.

Col. Delighted with the spirits of my lovely Harriet, I listen with admiration to her little flights of fancy.

Lady H. I'm wonderfully pleased to hear you speak, Grenville; I really trembled, lest you had mislaid your powers of articulation.

Col. When Orpheus tocu'h'd, with magic art, his lyre,
Beings inanimate began to move;
Each glowing breast was fill'd with ardent fire,
And tun'd alike to harmony and love.

But Orpheus ne'er, like Harriet, could prevail,
Steal thro' the heart with charms at first conceal'd,
His notes, arrested by the passing gale,
In dying cadence falter'd as reveal'd.

But

But the sweet sounds which pass those coral lips,
On my wrap'd mind a firm impression make ;
With soft delight imagination slips
The fragrant dew that issues as you speak.

Then wonder not, if silence should preclude,
Those every dues your charms perpetual claim ;
Nor think, sweet maid, your constant lover rude,
Whose heart, still faithful, owns no other flame.

Hen. If the woman I lov'd was to railly me as you are,
Colonel, I firmly fancy I should hate her more——

Lady H. Than ever you lov'd.—Well, my pretty Harry shan't be teized—he shall have a wife form'd to obey his very look.—Go to; none of your pretty lessons I beseech you.—The Colonel will do extremely well if you don't spoil him.

Emme. Will my ador'd Coroline suffer me to ask her opinion of this little bauble, and at the same time honor me by her acceptance of it? (*presenting a miniature.*)

Lady C. Bless me, Harriet, what a striking resemblance!
(*Emme bows.*)

Lady H. It does the artist great credit.

Lady C. (*affecting to speak aside, which Lord M. hears.*)
To features so elegantly expressive, how could the artist do any thing but justice!

Lord M. (*aside*) S'death! I can stand this scene no longer; but he shall not long triumph thus.—Marchmont or Wilding must quickly fall.

Exit.

Emme.

Emme. See, see, the bait, he's fairly bit.

Hen. Upon my soul, you're much to blame.

Lady H. Peace, rebel, peace, the flame is lit;

Look how it burns throughout his frame.

Lady C. The task is hard I plainly see,

Col. To mingle love——

Hen. ——— with coquetry.

Lady C. No more, my friends, your jests are all in vain;

Col. The coquette retires at the lover's pain.

Lord Or. Poor Frederick! thou little think'st 'tis but
a plot against thee.—But come, Sir William, we'll take a
turn, and leave those lunatics.

Exeunt Lord Or. and Sir W.

Hen. Upon my soul I feel so much for him, that I begin
to think it my own case.—I've a great inclination to dis-
cover the whole.

Lady H. You know you dare not, rebel.

Hen. I thank your ladyship, the epithet is honorable.

Lady C. My spirits flag, I shall never be able to carry
on the farce.

Emme. Fear not, dear madam; he must be watch'd
into the garden, where, at your feet, I'll pour out the whole
artillery of love's flames and darts.—Look out, Colonel,
give the signal at the enemy's approach, that we may draw
up our forces in battle array.

Or. Well said, young general, spoke *en militaire*.

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ENTER

ENTER SERVANT, gives a note to EMMELINE, and goes off.

Lady H. My dear Emmeline, what's the matter; no bad news I hope.

Emme. Only a challenge from your pretty brother—
(giving *Lady H.* the note.) What in the name of wonder will become of me! My poor brains will fly, or a discovery be made, that's certain.

Lady H. O no; you have assumed the attire of manhood, and must support the dignity of your character.—As a vot'ry of Mars you dare not refuse to meet him.

Hen. Madness, Harriet; you would not have the dear girl run such a risk.

Lady H. Pray who meant to consult you, sir.—If a woman gets into a difficulty, she need not have recourse to you lords of the creation to extricate her.—And as for the dear girl (satirically) I believe Harriet will take full as much care of her as Henry.

Hen. (aside.) A damn'd home stroke.—Sure Antoine has not been babbling.

Emme. Well, dear ladies, under your banner I'll bravely encounter every danger; nor leave room a moment to suspect, that those who wear this badge of British valor, can own a heart fraught with a passion so despicable as fear.

Col. Bravo! bravissimo!

Scene

VILLAGE MAID.

51

Scene—the Garden.

ENTER LORD MARCHMONT.

Lord M. In vain I attempt to chase her lov'd idea from my bosom.—But now I saw her, enraptured, kiss the bauble that hated coxcomb gave her, passing, as she thought, unseen along the wood.—Ah! there again she walks, encircled in his arm.—Confusion seize him.—The billet I have sent him will, I trust, derange his present composure; but no matter, I'll enter this pavilion, and feed a fancy tortured by suspense.—(*Goes into the pavilion.*)

ENTER JACK COURSER.

Cour. I am in as doleful a ditty as any poor knight-errant need be.—Here have I been ranging these two hours, without being able to kick up a dust, or find one ready rais'd.—Heigh ho! Egad I've started something at last; what the devil is it? Zounds, it's that French frog-eating rascal, and Lord Marchmont's valet; what can they be about in such secret conference.—That Frenchman looks curfedly suspicious—I don't half like him; no good, take my word for it.—By your leave, gentlemen, I'll take the liberty to listen a little.

ENTER VILLARS and ANTOINE.

Ant. (*looking cautiously about*) I hope l' gardinier, nor no von body be here; if de lor votre maitre come to know

G 2

dis

dis affair, de plot et mon maitre would be blown like de poudre et de shot, all to de diable, et vous et moi perdue de l' argent.

Vil. So, the lovely Villager is the game in view.—Faith, Mr. Marchmont has no bad taste; damme if I know a prettier wench.

Cour. (at the side of the scenes) Wheu!

Ant. Une jollie fille, sur ma vie.—Ah! Monsieur Henry have all de spirit of mon country; lively, elegante, but forme lor, he be von perfect Anglois, so seribus, so dull, so stupid.—Ha! ha! begar we be de men for de ladies. (looking at himself.)

Thus gaily drest, so debonnaire,
Vid song, vid dance, we court de fair;
And bid adieu to sorrow;
If von prove cruel, von unkind,
Une notres sure to hit the mind,
Before we greet de morrow.

Begar volr' country lose dere vit,
To figh for von dear scornful chit;
Not so the sprightly Frenchman.
Tho' roses blow upon dere cheek,
And lilies blossom on dere neek,
Yet smiles the lively Frenchman.

In dis morceau de papier you find votre commission. (giving a paper.)

Vil. (after reading) So, so, if the little Villager proves too virtuous, I am to procure canonicals, and tie the noose myself,

Cour.

Cour. (aside) Hem!

Vil. But where is he to carry her?

Ant. Me no mind; to Londre, perhaps.

Vil. And then leave her to wretchedness and want; but that's nought to me, I want cash, and your master's as generous as a prince.—I play'd deep the night before we left town; my lord, I knew, would not want me, so two or three of us dressed, took our master's names, went to a club of jolly dogs, that neither knew us, nor our connexions, where we pass'd for my Lord, Sir Robert, and his Grace; and efaith I lost a good round sum, but you know I never flinch, and we were in for't pretty deep, both liquor and cash.

Cour. (aside) A very modest gentleman, truly.

Vil. But mind, the best of it's to come.—I was left in town two days, to purchase things, in order to take after them, when what should I see in the news-paper, but a long rigmarole, of his Grace, Sir Robert, and my Lord such an one, being pigeon'd by some greeks and black-legs, at philipi, and their names posted up all over St. James's, for refusing to pay their debts of honor.—Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Ant. Ha! ha! ha! Ma foi, dat vas keeping up the spirit of de cause.—But be secret, and we had best not see von anotre again, for fear creat suspicion. (*going—returns*) Not a Vord.

Vil. As close as wax; my lady's lap-dog, or favorite monkey, shall not be more secret.

Ant. For bein, adieu.

Exeunt at opposite doors.

Cour.

Cour. (*coming forward*) Upon my word, pretty Mr. Gentleman Harry! here's a snare indeed! (*musing*) but how to extricate——

ENTER LORD MARCHMONT *from the Pavilion.*

Apropos, my Lord, I have a secret to communicate; but as it is of consequence, must enjoin you to silence.

Lord M. Proceed, sir.

Cour. O the most villainous plot you ever heard of.—nothing less than the seduction of Emmeline, under pretence of marriage; and the person no other than your lordship's brother.

Lord M. Henry! you confound me; it cannot be.—Excuse me, sir, but I perceive it's nothing more than a false tale, to wean me from my friend, and sow dissention in the place of love.—Mean artifice!

Cour. My Lord, you wrong me, as I am a man.—O may the wretch who would divide a family like yours, to please the workings of a savage heart, be ever barr'd from the sweet pleasures which attend on virtuous deeds.

Lord M. No more! thou art that wretch, who strives to gild thy narrow motives with the shew of service.

Cour. My Lord! my Lord! did any other man——but I forbear; I know myself, and wish but to redeem your brother's honor.

Lord M. 'Tis false, prevaricating man.

Cour. Confusion! yet I'll command myself.

Lord M. Begone, sir! I am the guardian of my brother's honor.

Cour.

Cour. Nay, then, I've done; your father would have scorn'd to use me thus.—I'll praise your brother to the very skies; preach up his continence to all the world; and, lastly, leave the lovely Emmeline to ruin.—(*going.*)

Lord M. Hold, hold, sir; forgive the trespass of a man driven to desperation.

Cour. No, sir; I have sufficiently witnessed the intemperance of your mind.

Lord M. Believe me, you have succeeded more by yielding to my wish, than the most obstinate persistence could have gain'd.

Cour. Sir, I possess the feelings of a man, and know when I'm injur'd.

Lord M. I know thy generous soul.—Let me entreat thee to forgive the ravings of a mind o'ercharg'd.—Come to the Castle; and as we walk along unfold the history of the whole device.

Lord Marchmont's Dressing Room.

VILLARS, brushing his Hat.

Vil. O how sick I am of this stupid country already! No game—no sport going forward.—The women are so plaguy modest, that it puts a fellow out of countenance to look at them; and the men such damn'd stupid dogs, scarce ever touch a card, or if they do by chance murder a rubber at whist, 'tis not for more than two-pence the point. Devil take me, if I should know what I was about if——

ENTER

ENTER LORD MARCHMONT.

Lord M. Are you not a pretty scoundrel, firrah?

Vil. What have I done, my Lord, I don't understand you?

Lord M. What have you done, culprit! can you have the assurance to ask me? What were Antoine and yourself about, in such secret conversation, just now?

Vil. (aside) O the devil! Pardon me, my Lord; I don't think any master has a right to enquire into the secrets of his servants.

Lord M. No evasions, firrah; speak the truth, or——

Vil. (aside) O Antoine, what will become of us?——
Now, impudence, assist me, and place a good lie at my tongue's end.

Lord M. What are you muttering, scoundrel?

Vil. Why, my Lord, I was saying, that I thought it very hard to be obliged to break my word with my friend; the honor of a servant is as dear to him as his lord's, sir.

Lord M. (laying hold of him) Damn you, and your honor too, you rascal; tell me instantly, or I'll shake your coward heart to atoms.

Vil. O mercy, m—m—my Lord, and I will t—t—tell you immediately.

Lord M. (throws him from him) There, villain, be quick.

Vil. (aside) I have it (during this speech he stammers; when he falters *Lord M.* threatens to draw his sword) Why your lordship must know, my friend, Mr. Marchmont's servant, Antoine I mean, when at Calais, fell in love with
a pretty

a pretty fille de chambre, whom he promis'd to marry, my Lord; and so, my Lord, as he came away, I—I mean, as he did not promise; pho, as he did not perform his promise, she is come over with a child, and swears it is his; and your lordship knows, that such poor fellows as we, to be saddled with a wife, is very bad; and as nothing but marriage will go down, now-a-days, with such sort of folks, I am to quiet the girl's conscience, by procuring a gown and cassock, and performing the ceremony in the great hall.——Now you have it, sir.

Lord M. And that is really all, my very honorable gentleman.

Vil. (confidently) Yes, my Lord; that is the truth, and the whole upon my—

Lord M. Hold, scoundrel; and dare not persist, by an oath, in such a villainous falsehood. Why was Henry's, Emme's, and my name mentioned? But go, sir, into my study, and there I'll secure you till I have leisure to settle this business; when, if you hesitate, you quit my service; but if honest, I may reward you.

Vil. (sneaking) Yes, sir.

Exit into the study.

Lord M. (locks the door) Now you are safe I must seek Harriet, as the appointed time draws near to meet Sir Harry.

Exit.

A Country Scene.

ENTER COLIN, with MEN and WOMEN.

Colin. Come, my lads and lasses, the hour's at hand, in which we are to begin our sports at the Castle; you
I know

VILLAGE MAID.

know there is a double cause to rejoice, the anniversary of our young lord's birth, and the immense fortune which falls to him,—So select your best songs, best dresses, best looks, for the occasion.

'Tis the merry month of may,
Lads and lasses haste away,
Trip it lightly to and fro,
As the mazy round we go.

While sol's meridian lustre is display'd,
Let's seek the covert of the friendly shade;
Then search, with gladsome hearts, and minds serene,
The fairest nymph, to crown our village queen.

Chorus—'Tis the merry, &c,

Exeunt,

The Wood.

ENTER LADIES CAROLINE AND HARRIET.

Lady H. So, the combatants have not yet met.

Lady C. O dear, how I tremble!—Are you sure the pistols will do no mischief?—Indeed, Harriet, I feel myself quite a coward.

Lady H. Depend upon it, they are safe; I would not trust to any but myself; and should he draw his sword I have pretty well secured that too; so set thy heart at rest, child—no mischief can ensue.

Lady C. But see, here comes Frederick.

Lady H. Aye, and our young hero; so let's retire.

Exeunt,

ENTER EMMELINE and the COLONEL, met by LORD MARCHMONT and HENRY.

Lord M. I am glad to find you punctual, Sir Harry.

Emme. O, my Lord, in a point of honor I never fail.

Lord M. Gentlemen; you'll mark the ground,

Hen. (as he measures) I think, Gentlemen; this had much better be settled by the lady's own choice. You cannot imagine she will take a murderer to her arms,

Lord M. No, the prize is too valuable to be so coolly given up.

Emme. True, my Lord, by the sword alone can it be decided. *(Draws.)*

Lord M. I mentioned pistols in my note, Sir Harry.

Emme. I am provided with both, a prettier brace were never fir'd upon any occasion.

Lord M. Well, sir, as you have sword in hand. *(Draws.)*

Emme. Hold, my Lord; you have not given yourself time to observe that your weapon is deficient.

(Lord M. perceiving his sword wants part of its blade, throws it away and takes the pistols; he fires. Emmeline fires both hers in the air.)

Emme. You have one left, my Lord, use your pleasure.

Lord M. You have the advantage, Sir Harry, it hurts me to owe so much to a rival, yet I will ever acknowledge your superiority.

Emme. Your Lordship owes me nothing; 'twas my cooler temper only which made me act with justice, and notwithstanding the attention her ladyship has honor'd me with since my arrival, I have as much to dread from her

decision as your lordship; for since I have known and conversed with Lord Marchmont, the little stock of confidence I had acquired has entirely vanished. (*Lord M. bows and walks with Henry*) You'll allow me some little share of merit, I hope, my good Colonel.

Col. Most manfully supported, I assure you.

ENTER LADIES CAROLINE AND HARRIET.

Lady C. What dreadful explosions were those? Fie! fie! Gentlemen.

Lady H. Dear Frederick are you hurt, speak, and ease your Harriet's fears!

Lord M. (to Lady H.) My life is safe (*to Lady C.*) but tremble for my senses; that gentleman, madam, too justly deserves the pleasures which await him.

Lady C. (aside) Generous Frederick!

Emme. Dear Lady Caroline, will you permit me to hope the continuance of your smiles.

Lord M. Oh! quickly, quickly, Caroline, let me know my doom!

(*Lady C. in pulling out her handkerchief drops the picture, which Lady H. takes up.*)

Lady H. The portrait of the favor'd youth, now I'll decide.

Lord M. No, by heaven, her lips alone shall pronounce me wretched. (*Takes it from her and puts it in his bosom.*)

Lady C. I beg your Lordship will return the picture, I'll not decide till I have it in my possession.

Lord M. Is it of so much moment to your Ladyship.

Lady C. No matter, sir, I expect to have it.

Lord M. No, never, madam, I'll keep it, and if I like it not, will curse it as I gaze upon it.

Lady C. Colonel, Henry, Harriet, force him to surrender.

Col. At discretion, madam—possess'd of the original you will not want the copy.

Lord M. For heaven's sake, Lady Caroline, ease my suspense !

Lady C. I thought but now your Lordship wish'd to protract it.

Lord M. I scarce know what I wish, a certain evil cannot be a greater pain.

Emme. (*with a stifled laugh*) Pity me, dear madam, and crown my hopes.

Lady H. Look, Frederick at the portrait, you cannot fail to know it.

Lord M. I dare not, Harriet, I but too plainly read my destiny.

Lady H. Thou art deeply skill'd in physiognomy, my quicksighted brother.

Lady C. I verily think he'd not believe his own senses were he to see him. I'll try. (*Draws a pocket mirror and puts it before his face.*)

Lord M. (*starts.*) No, 'tis impossible, cruel, ungenerous Caroline, to trifle with my misery. Yet, Oh ! yet encourage this ray of hope which dawns upon me.

Lady C. No, indeed, Frederick, I have gone far enough.

Lord M. (*taking out the picture*) Then this is my last resource: a short hour since I saw thee press it enraptur'd to thy heart, then to thy lovely lips. My trembling limbs
can

can scarce support their burthen—but now (*opens the case*) by all that's gracious 'tis myself. Am I awake? O yes, transporting thought! Joy, joy unutterable!

Emme. Come, my dear madam, no longer disguise sentiments which reflect honor on yourself.

Lord M. Can you plead for me.

Lady C. I should blush could any plead more forcibly than my own heart for the errors of one to whom I give my hand: If it is not too dearly bought, my Lord, 'tis yours.

Lord M. Exquisite gift! my future life shall study to deserve so precious a donation. (*Kissing her hand.*)

Emme. Accept, my good Lord, my congratulations upon this happy event, and may my dear Lady Caroline ever enjoy such blessings as her virtue merits. I must entreat your Lordship's pardon for having join'd in this perplexing scheme, which but for the request of your amiable sister and Lady Caroline I had not dar'd to.

Lord M. Sir Harry!

Emme. So you don't recognize me yet.

Col. Did you never, Marchmont, see our little God of War before.

Lord M. No, never 'till this morning.

Emme. Wonderful! So really in your formidable rival, you cannot trace the features of the grateful Emmeline.

Lord M. Emmeline! but so in truth it is. How infatuated not to perceive this was a trick upon me; but I am too happy not to forgive any artifice that has rendered me so, even my saucy sister and her confederates; but, *Emme*, you should never change that habit, it becomes you wonderfully.

Emme.

Emme. A straw hat and russet gown become me much better, these gaudy trappings suit not with my humble state.

Lady H. Caroline will tremble I trust to own Marchmont's in possession of her heart, and his lordship be again suspicious.

Lord M. Never, on my faith, not by my fondest hopes of bliss will I ever harbour such a thought.

Lady H. 'Tis very hard, Colonel, that we should never meet with these smiling petit manœuvres, I lose all those fine rhapsodies.

Col. My sprightly Harriet's heart has not learnt to disguise its sentiments. I found her candid and generous beyond my fondest hopes.

Lady H. Aye, aye, Grenville, you angled well, and I swallow'd the bait. But come, the old folks anxiously wait our return.

Col. Come, my little Son of Mars, you lead the van.

Exeunt.

A Room in the Castle.—Enter COURSER, who stops short on perceiving the approach of HENRY and EMMELINE.

Cour. So, now for a confirmation of Master Villars's intelligence. *(Withdraws.)*

ENTER HENRY AND EMMELINE.

Hen. Why, dearest Emme, do you fly me thus, why shun the man who lives but in your sight.

Emme. Hold, Mr. Marchmont, do not betray yourself to be a villain, but retrieve this error ere you go too far, disgrace not yourself by professing a passion for one so much your inferior, nor shock my ears with a subject I neither can, nor will attend to.

Hen.

Hen. My love is unalterable, and time will but add to the ardency of my passion, therefore, sweet girl, those evasions will avail thee nothing; my heart, fortune, all but my name are thine; distract me not then by a refusal, that fair form was never made to pass unnoticed, nor sink into the arms of an unpolish'd clown.

Come, be not so coy,
I pray thee, dear maid,
Of foolish world's censure
Ah! why thus afraid?

Emme. This heart knows no fear
While with innocence blest,
Yourself and your offer
Alike I detest.

Hen. Those sweet prudish airs
But enliven a flame,
Which Emme must —

Emme. ————— blush,
To think Marchmont can name!

Hen. Sincere is this heart,
Which if you but approve.

Emme. Deceiver more dare not
To me talk of love.

Emme. You think your rank and fortune a sufficient sanction for insulting a poor rustic, who owes her little all to the bounty of your generous family.—For shame, sir, believe

believe an humble cottager, that pleasures thus pursued, will draw reflexion's bitterest pang, which all the splendid treasures of the east can never sooth.—The high-born, proud fortune's favorites, think 'tis their province to insult and triumph o'er the poor.—How does this luxuriant age debase those bright perfections, which inhabit man, and make his glory dwindle to the dust! Widely different the laborious indigent; industry raises the natural dignity of the soul, and renders the happy toiler proud, but proud only of his superiority in virtue.

Can wealth, to the soul, joy impart,
Whose dictates unprincipled prove?
Delusions, which seize on the heart,
And, alone, thro' such pleasures can rove,

'Tis virtue's fair precepts I prize,
Solid pleasures that never can cease;
And smile such false honors to scorn,
While this bosom's "the Mansion of Peace."

Hen. Thou shalt be my lovely monitor; when blest with thee, no storm shall e'er divide, or rudely blast my future joys.—Come then, my love, throw off those old pedantic rules, and bless your Henry's arms.—Let the soft voice of love calm all your gentle fears. Nay, it must be so; this silence, and that sweet consenting blush, pronounce my certain bliss.

Emme. How far will you degrade yourself? Unhand me, sir.

K

Hen.

Hen. (*striving to detain her*) No, on my soul, divine, angelic Emme; you shall not go till I have some faint ray of hope.—This kiss——

Emme. (*breaking from him*) Daring, insulting Marchmont!—Know that fear is no inhabitant of my soul.—'Twas against my sex's delicacy to draw from frolics; but to preserve my honor I dare do any thing. (*Keeps him at bay with her sword till at the side of the scenes, then runs off.*)

Hen. A little spirited pufs! I thought her dove-like temper would have sunk in tears, and then she'd surely have been mine; but efaith, her pride has taken the alarm, and stratagem must be my resource. (*going*)

COURSER comes forward.

Cour. Ha! ha! ha! Well met, Harry.—I've had such sport; but now as I was coming in, a rav'nous wolf had fallen on a lamb, the only offspring of a tender ewe; happ'ly for her I knew it by its mark.—Conceiving the woe a parent must endure, to behold the object of her early care torn in her view by a relentless beast, I made a blow full in his cursed nape; and saw him, falling, gnaw the clotted ground, while the poor bleating thing, as conscious of the deed, follow'd my steps, and thank'd me with her tears of silent joy.—Do you applaud the deed?

Hen. Most assuredly.

Cour. And think me just!

Hen. I do.

Cour.

VILLAGE MAID.

Cour. Then, fir, prepare yourself.—You are that wolf, Emme the helpless lamb, Danvers the tender ewe.—You are the wretch that would, by one cursed crime, have null'd the existence of a worthy pair; brought to a timeless grave the anxious mother, with that disease, which is alone an over match for human strength, a broken heart; and left the other, unfeeling, to the world, friendless forlorn. (*Offers him a pistol, which he refuses.*)

Hen. Consider where we are; this is my sanctuary, my father's house.—Profane not then this hospitable mansion with your bloody threats.

Cour. The man who's lost to every virtuous thought, no temple should secure; I'd force my passage thro' the holy dome, and, at the altar's consecrated foot, stab the devoted victim of my rage, tho' the next blow was levell'd at my heart. (*offers it again.*)

Hen. Well, fir, I'll give satisfaction any other time; but now I'm wanted by the Earl.

Cour. Then, like a coward, live; but mark me, fir, if I'm witness to this scene again, I'll cane you on the spot, tho' your whole host of friends were standing by.—This since you dare not fight.

Exit.

Hen. Death and damnation! and must I then be brav'd by him? No more. Were I now to give her up, he'd take the merit to himself, and that shall never be.—I will have her, tho' death is the dower.—But then this foolish conscience.

VILLAGE MAID.

Love and honor rack me,
Each by turns distract me,
O the pain is too much which I feel ;
Love would basely ruin,
Honor comes pursuing,
My barbarity strait to reveal.
But, come what there may, still determin'd am I,
My scheme to pursue, possess, conquer, or die.

End of the Second Act.

A C T III.

DANVERS spinning at the door of her Cottage, EMME comes forward.

EMMELINE.

BE sorrow to that breast a stranger,
Ev'ry breeze sweet hope restore ;
Every hour guard thee from danger ;
Ah ! think some blessing's yet in store.

Behold the sprightly feather'd choir,
With cheerful notes diffuse their song ;
Their downy throats with joy distending,
In varied sounds the whole day long.

The vernal beauty of the fields,
And radiant summer's lengthen'd day ;
The golden store that harvest yields,
Bid man be cheerful and be gay.

I wish I could see you so, my dearest mother ; but I
will not despair ; something flatters me with the pro-
spect

pect of a happy re-union of my honor'd parents.—This you say is the family estate; sure he will return.

Danv. O, no my child! 'twas that hope which has confin'd me to this spot so long; sure, that if he ever should return, this is the first place he would visit.—But Oh! my Emmeline, thy father and the best of husbands is lost to us for ever; for if he lives, he has, perhaps, another wife, another Emmeline, while we are quite forgotten.

Emme. Banish those thoughts, my dearest mother; here comes the kind stranger, who made so many enquiries of me this morning, and whom I afterwards saw at Lord Ormond's.—I'll step in for a few moments, and then you'll accompany me to the castle.

Danv. If you please; for I am melancholy, and you seem to have caught the infection.

Exit Emme.

ENTER SIR WILLIAM.

Sir W. I have been sounding most of my tenants, and find them well affected towards me.

Danv. (aside) His Tenants! O heavens! 'tis then beyond all doubt; lost, as my Hargrave thought, his child, he has will'd his estates to this stranger; and that faint hope which Emme strove to raise, has vanish'd like a dream.

Sir W. This villager hangs on my mind strangely.—Ormond was so engag'd, that I had no opportunity to speak to him about her.—(*Seeing Danvers*) Do you belong to this cottage, friend?

Danv. (agitated) Your pleasure, if I should, sir?

Sir W. I wish to speak to your fair daughter.

Danv. She will be here, sir, in an instant.

Sir W. (to himself) I know not if I should do well, but this girl's elegant simplicity has so charm'd me, that I wish to adopt her in lieu of the sweet Emmeline I've lost. — But my lov'd Eliza can never be restor'd; never shall my ears be blest by that enchanting voice. — O Sir Philip! what misery has thy curst ambition entail'd upon thine own offspring, and the wretched Hargrave!

Danv. (aside) whither does deluding fancy lead me? sure, or I waking dream, the names of Emmeline, Eliza, Hargrave, struck my astonish'd ears. — Support me in a trial I know not how to stand. *(coming forward.)* O generous stranger, if e'er affliction's arrows pierc'd your noble heart, disdain not comfort to the poor distressed; but crown a feeble woman's latter hours with unexpected peace, and answer my questions with the candour of a friend.

Sir W. Command this boon, if I can give it.

Danv. You seem acquainted with the name of Hargrave. O tell me if he's —

Sir W. Amazement! know'st thou aught of Hargrave?

Danv. Know him! O heaven! but delay not thus to grant what I require. — Does he still live?

Sir W. He does, but wherefore this?

Danv. Mock me not with such a shew of joy, if Hargrave lives how then are we your tenants; this estate is his.

Sir W. True, and in me you'll find the man your speech so much concerns. *(Danvers discovers great emotion)* How now, what new misfortune! if Hargrave has unwittingly done thee wrong, he will restore it ten-fold. Speak, Danvers.

Danv.

Danv. Not Danvers, but Eliza, the happy Eliza, daughter of old Sir Philip, and my Hargrave's wife (*faints*)

ENTER COLIN.

Sir W. Young man, one moment's assistance.

Col. My good Danvers, what has occasioned this?

Sir W. Blest moment, see, she revives!

Danv. Where am I, returned to misery or life?

ENTER EMMELINE.

Emme. Dearest mother, speak, or your Emmeline will sink with grief.

Danv. (*wildly*) I have seen him, been in his fond embrace, been in my Hargrave's arms. O why not still enjoy the dear delusion, 'till death, terrific death, had rob'd me of sensation.

Emme. Be compos'd, dear mother.

Danv. Yes, I will live for thee, my child, and when we sink into eternal sleep, we shall behold your father.

Sir W. Alas! this prenzy! I'd best be careful lest she should relapse. Sweet Maid, tell her Sir William Hargrave lives, and is expected here.

Emme. Heard you that, dear mother? If Hargrave is my father he lives to reward your sufferings. But O, deceive us not, what authority have you for this strange assertion.

Sir W. Sweet love, the strongest in the world, for I am husband to this dear suffering saint.

Danv. Ha! what husband! 'twas a well-known voice, or was it but the chimera of a tortur'd brain.

Sir

Sir W. No, my Eliza, 'tis no chimera, but a joyful truth. Your Hargrave, your husband is restor'd.

Danv. This is no phantom, but my long-lost love. O, my child, partake thy mother's joy, and receive the blessing of a father.

Emme. Thus let me receive it. (*kneels, Sir W. raises her*) Joy to my honor'd sire, joy to my dearest mother.

Danv. You, my child, were right, when striving to divert my thoughts from care, and vibrate in my ears, You'll still be happy; I'm now completely so, and, dear Sir William, look on this honest rustic as the cause of all those blessings I at last enjoy. His father gave us to the protection of the worthy Ormond, and Colin ever since has smooth'd the thorny paths of life, by those comforts which true friendship can alone excite. Look on him, therefore, as the preserver of your wife and child.

Sir W. My good friend, words are not sufficient to express my gratitude, my actions only can repay your kindness.

Emme. Good Colin, do but justice to the worthy Phœbe and you shall want for nothing.

Col. Think not, dear madam, that I'm incapable of sincerely feeling this joyous event of your and my honor'd lady's happiness. As for Phœbe, with a heart replete with gratitude, she meant this night to thank you. We again are friends.

Emme. I rejoice to hear it (*to Sir W.*) How little, my dear sir, did I think this morning, 'twas my father I convers'd with.

Sir W. Or how could I suppose the gay Sir Harry was my daughter.

L

Danv.

Danv. But say, my love, what happy chance has thus restor'd you to me, and by what means my letters never reach'd you

Sir W. That must be owing to my restless disposition. The man whom 'twas thought I killed made himself known to me near three years ago; but deprived of my most valued treasures, I pictur'd little comfort on my native soil, but Ormond's friendship urg'd me to return; in compliance with his, not my own wishes, I visited my country.

Danv. How was it, I never heard you speak Lord Ormond's name? Had I but known the friendship which now reigns between you, we had not so long been separate.

Sir W. Ormond and myself quarrel'd a short time previous to our marriage, and a great coolness succeeded the most cordial intimacy, when an explanation a few years past, once more secur'd us friends.

Emme. How will his generous bosom enjoy this unexpected change of fortune!

That compassion which reigns in his breast,
Bids mine with fond gratitude burn,
Those bounties receiv'd from his hand,
Can ne'er meet with an equal return.

Like a parent he taught my young heart,
To behold him with honor and love;
If I pleas'd him he call'd me his child,
If wrong with a smile would reprove.

Like

Like the nightingale perch'd on yon bough,
Who sings away sorrow and woe,
And as glides the soft murmuring stream,
His praise in sweet numbers shall flow.

Sir W. Let us haste to join with him in mirth and glad festivity; and on the road inform me why you prefer'd poverty to the charms of luxury with your friends in town.

Exeunt, all but Colin.

Col. So Emma proves to be a fine lady at last, but here comes Phæbe. (*Enter Phæbe.*) Well, my pretty blue ey'd maid, what say you.

Phæbe. I came to seek Emmeline, but I'm better pleased to meet you, Colin.

Col. Thank you, my girl, but I've strange news for you; Emme is no more a poor cottager but a fine lady, your mistress, Phæbe.

Phæbe. A fine lady, forsooth, O yes indeed, but I wish she was; there an't a girl in the village half so good or so handsome.

Col. Don't you remember a fine gentleman ask'd us this morning if we should like to see the Lord of the Manor, our good Sir William, return.

Phæbe. Aye! truly, a good looking man in a fine outlandish dress.

Col. He proves to be Sir William, and Danvers and Emmeline his wife and daughter.

Phæbe. Indeed, if this is true, I rejoice at her good fortune, tho' I shall lose a friend.

Col. No, my girl, we have still the heart of Miss Har-

grave, and she has inclination as well as power to serve all around her.

Phæbe. Ay, but I've heard my father say, when poor people get fortunes, they are seldom so good or so happy as when in poverty.

Col. Enough of this, my sweet girl, now to our own affairs, When shall I call you mine?

Phæbe. Henceforth I'll be rul'd by my new lady.

Col. I'm knock'd out of my chance there.

But I grieve not since I my dear Phœbe possess,

Phæbe. And Phœbe laments not her former distress,

The pangs of suspense are succeeded by joy,

Col. And pleasures that heighten but never can cloy;

Both. And those who are blest with the choice they approve
Can laugh at the cares that's occasioned by love.

Exeunt.

A view of the castle; on the right a bank with a canopy of flowers over it.

ENTER PHOEBE, with men dress'd in pink and white, with wreaths on one side; and Colin with women dress'd in like manner, with baskets of flowers on the other; they present Phæbe with the flowers as she sits on the bank, who forms them into a chaplet, while every man is led up to her between two women; Colin last, on whom she places the chaplet; he kneeling.

(Colin leads her forward.)

RECITATIVE.

Phæbe. O forgive, ye gentle youth,
My rewarding Colin's truth.

AIR.

A I R.

Come in rural sports and song,
Let us chace life's cares away,
'Tis the tribute of the young,
On our annual holiday.

Col. From spring of youth to wint'ry age,
May the happy Marchmont be,
Crown'd by all the pow'rs above,
With health, peace and liberty.

Chorus, Come in rural, &c.

*COLIN AND PHOEBE conducted to the bower, each Villager
draws his partner and dance, which ended they all come
forward.*

Phæbe. The damps begin to fall, and though in the
house different sports await us, yet not pleasing I trust.

Col. My Phæbe counsels right. But our musical
farmer has not given us the song yet he made on this joy-
ful occasion.

Vil. The setting sun with golden beams,
Rides down the western sky,
And bids us now our sports prepare
For this festivity.

With tuneful reeds and frolics gay,
Let all the plains resound,
And harmony and mutual love
Within this spot abound.

Exeunt.

A Suit of Rooms.

ENTER MASKS. HENRY as a Sultan.

Hen. Where is this bewitching girl? Ha, Voila, Sweet Shepherdess, a word with you.

Emme. Noble Sultan, I am not form'd to converse with the great, far other entertaining joys I seek, more pure, more innocently tranquil than thou dost. To rise with the sweet herald of the morn, and tread with quickening step the dewy mead, gently to tend the objects of my care. I feel, nor doubt, nor fear, but what my faithful shepherd can dispel, and tremble only at the danger which awaits my bleating fold.

Hen. I'll be that faithful shepherd then, sweet maid, and tend with equal care thy flock when thou art weary; and as we sit upon the riv'let's side, I'll cull the choicest fruits, and serenade thee with my pipe and song.

Emme. I thank you, Seignior, but I must away.

Lady C. Come, pretty maid, I'll tell thee thy future destiny, much good betides thee, take my word for it.

Lady H. O, grand Seignior, I'll tell thee who is false to thee in thy seraglio, and to whom tho'rt false thyself. I'll tell you all you wish to know if you'll but cross my palm.

Hen. I'll do any thing if you'll leave me with this shepherdess.

Lady H. Come, come, sister, we can make nothing of them, we shall meet a better welcome from some of those.

(Joins the Masks)

Hen. Come, Emmeline, no more scruples, I trust all to my father's clemency, and the priest waits in the adjoining room, Let but this night ensure thee mine, and I'll be ever grateful.

Emme. How can I act a part replete with such duplicity.

Hen. For thy mother's sake, think on her sufferings.

Emme. Her change in life and sharp afflictions plead powerfully with me—for her sake I will accept your offer.

Hen. My dear charming girl, this kind compliance has awaken'd every string of sensibility. Let us not lose a moment.

Emme. But mark, I must be allow'd the liberty of wearing my mask till after the ceremony. O perfidious Marchmont. (*aside*)

Hen. In this and every thing command me.

Emme. I'll slip on a pink domino, and when you perceive me give a signal and I'll follow you. *Exit.*

Hen. This is beyond my hopes: happy, transported Marchmont! but this is no place for raptures.

Characters come forward—Enter PINK DOMINO, HENRY drops his handkerchief, DOMINO takes it up and follows him.

A YOUNG OXONIAN, *between* VIRTUE and PLEASURE.

Oxon. Faith, my sweet divinities, you are both so charming, 'tis hard to say which is most desirable. Let me be ever thus attended, if either leave me I am surely ruin'd.

Virtue. Let reason, gentle boy, with steady hand hold tight the reins of inexperienced youth. The paths I tread
are

are impenetrably dark to none but the determin'd blind ;
to such, my willing votaries, the track is clear and level,
strew'd with harmony and bliss.

Pleasure. Away, pedantic maid ; turn here, sweet youth,
attend to her disguise, you're lost for ever. Pleasure
awaits thy steps, and calls thee forth to taste those joys
which she alone can give.

Virtue. Trust not to flattery's alluring tongue, for truth
on the lips of Virtue only dwells. She is deception all.

Pleasure. Haste with me ; I'll introduce thee to extatic
joys, which unalloy'd by pain, dwell in the bowers of
luxury and ease.

Oxon. (to Pleasure) There's a bewitching turn in thy
sweet face, tho' not so beautiful as this fair maid.—But
you *(to Virtue)* possess an air of gravity, which poorly
suits the gaiety of youth.

Virtue. The placid mind of Virtue's ever cheerful ; 'tis
wanton levity in her, which, for a while may charm, but
cannot long endure.

Plea. No more, my boy, see Pleasure wait
Thy course to bend, in spite of fate.

Virt. Turn hither, unsuspecting youth,
And listen to the voice of truth.

Plea. 'Tis Pleasure charms thy list'ning ear ;
My precepts follow—banish fear.

Virt. See Virtue sigh to conquer thee,

Plea. While Pleasure bids thee follow me.

Oxon.

Oxen. Go, Virtue, with majestic grace,
 And conquer, with that pretty face
 Elsewhere, for know, at Pleasure's shrine
 I'll only bow, dear maid, I'm thine.
 Thy steps I'll constantly attend,
 Thy vot'ry I, be thou my friend.

Scene closes.

A Room.

ENTER PINK DOMINO, HENRY and CLERGYMAN.

Hen. What, not yet, dear Emmeline, how long must I
 be tortur'd by this cruel silence.

ENTER LORD ORMOND, SIR WILLIAM and LADY
 HARGRAVE, with LADIES CAROLINE and HARRIET,
 and COLONEL GRENVILLE.

Hell and confusion, my father!

Lord Or. You may well shrink from the sight of an in-
 sulted parent.—How could you thus deceive me, when
 my soul glowed with warm paternal friendship?—Do you
 fir, throw off that sacred habit, and display the villain in his
 truest colours.

(Clergyman discovers himself to be Lord M.)

Hen. My brother a conspirator against me!

Lord Or. 'Tis well he was, or ruin must have been the
 portion of a lovely innocent.—My affection might have
 overlook'd the error of youth, had you married her, when
 I considered the intrinsic value of the amiable girl; but
 this act of infamous duplicity my soul abhors; and mark
 M me,

me, sir, had you ne'er deceiv'd me I ne'er had prov'd a tyrant; but now, the daughter of my friend shall be your wife, or I renounce you for my son.

Hen. My Lord, suffer—

Lord Or. Not a word, sir; I'll be obey'd; nor dare enter my presence, till you can bring such sentiments as render you worthy to be Ormond's son.

Exit.

Hen. Marry her! I'll be a beggar first.

Lord M. O Henry! had you but mix'd the brother with the friend this ne'er had happen'd.

Hen. Zounds! did your lordship never err?

Lady H. The friend of your sister I had—

Hen. Hold, Harriet; none has such a right to censure as she who stands in speechless horror, trembling at my guilt.—O Emme, deign to forgive a kneeling suppliant; conscious of nought to offer in defence, led only by a false injurious pride, into a fatal error, for which he ever must condemn himself, if the insulted Emmeline smiles not forgiveness on him. (*Domino raises him*) Ah! my beloved angel, unworthy as my heart is of you, it must be all your own; nor thought, nor wish, but what my Emmeline inspires, 'twill ever entertain.—Not yet a smile!

Domino. (*discovering himself to be Jack Courser.*) Yes, I will more than smile; faith, I can't help it.—ha, ha, ha. I'm devilish glad to be unkennel'd again.

(*All laugh but Henry, who starts back confused.*)

Hen. My friends, I thank you; deep has been laid the scheme, and well supported; and I justly merit the ridicule I've met.—I'll now to the Earl, and, by a penitence unfeign'd, rouse each paternal feeling, and entreat his pardon,
while

while I request you, my friends, to find my Emme, and be my kind mediators.

Exit.

ENTER EMMELINE, *well dressed.*

Emme. I protest I am quite ill with laughing; to see Henry kneel, and pour out his whole soul to you, sir, was admirable.

Lady Harg. Joy to my dear child for her escape.

Emme. Ah! dear madam, all our thanks are due to this good friend.

Cour. Pho, pho, I'm——

Sir W. Since, my dear, you are fairly rid of your unworthy lover, you'll think of what I said a short time since; for be assured, a husband is the best security a handsome woman can possess.

Emme. (*embarrassed*) Pardon me, dear sir, in every other instance I will endeavour to merit your affection; but in the disposal of my hand I hope to be indulged with the freedom of my choice.

Lady Harg. Far be it from us to force your inclinations; but we would advise and guide your inexperience.

Emme. Which advice I will ever hold as sacred.

Sir W. Enough, receive him as your friend, and you'll soon be convinc'd how justly he deserves your esteem.

ENTER LORD ORMOND.

Lord Or. (*to Emme.*) Well, fair Lady, are you disposed to accept the friend of your father, and of Ormond.

M 2

Emme.

Emme. The man must rank high in merit, who possesses your lordship's estimation; as such I shall feel honor'd by his friendship.

Lady H. Did I not tell you, Sir William, what a pretty docile creature it was.

Lord Or. Well then, I'll inform my friend he may enter on his novitiate.

Exit.

Lady Harg. Whither, my dear Emmeline, has already flown your new rais'd spirits.

Emme. (*repressing a sigh*) Madam!

Lady H. Those half-fetch'd sighs, my friend!—Come, come, we are so dispos'd for mirth that we cannot admit the least deviation from it, I assure you.

Lord M. Come, be candid, Emmeline; was not my brother the subject of your thoughts.

Sir W. I'll venture to assert, she would not waste a thought on him.

Emme. And if Mr. Marchmont had caus'd a momentary reflection, I hope I should not incur your displeasure, sir; for however he may have merited my resentment, I would not have him experience the heavy displeasure of Lord Ormond.

Lady Harg. His baseness, Emmeline, deserves it.

Emme. Dear madam, are we not all liable to error.

Sir W. No more of this, if you regard us, Emmeline.

Emme. (*to Ladies C. and H.*) From you, madam, and from you, I hope different sentiments.—Will you not entreat his lordship to abate somewhat his severity.—I otherwise shall think myself the unhappy cause of all his future misery.

Lady H. Tho' Harry had nearly play'd us such a trick, my sweet pleader, I trust he will not be so wretched as you apprehend.

Emme. Pray heaven he may not.

Sir W. You seem wonderfully interested about this young fellow; I should have thought insulted pride would have suggested means of revenge.

Emme. To forgive an injury is the noblest revenge upon earth.

Of such revenge, ah! take your fill,
But ne'er with threats and menace kill;
The youthful heart at times will err,
Regardless of cool reason's spur;
But still before reflection's eye,
The follies fade, the errors die.

Then cherish, pity, and defend,
From wrath severe, your erring friend;
And teach the world this golden rule,
(So practis'd by the ancient school)
That to reclaim a noble heart,
Let mercy guide correction's dart.

But here is Lord Ormond; ever indulgent to my requests, myself will—Henry!

ENTER LORD ORMOND, *bringing in HENRY, who keeps his back to the Company.*

Hen. I swear, my Lord—

Lord Or. Speak to that Lady, sirrah, or by heaven—

Hen. You hear, madam, I'm compell'd to speak, but—

Cour.

Cour. Zounds! what new fashion'd courtship have we here? Are you afraid to look at her?

Hen. Why need I take the pains to view her, since she must be mine; but mark me, lady, if you wish for happiness, refuse me.

Lord Or. (turns him round) This is past endurance! Look on her, sir.

Hen. On whom? I see neither wife, nor phantom of one, here.

Lady H. (takes Emma's hand, and points to her) Look here, Henry!

Hen. Impossible! my Emme! O speak, my love, forgive a wretch, oppress'd with shame, who, kneeling, waits his doom.

Emme. O sir, I'm your declar'd abhorrence; I must despise you; and, to be happy, must refuse you.

Hen. Blessings on those lips, they raise aspiring hopes within my soul, spite of it's known unworthiness.

Emme. Sir William and Lady Hargrave are my parents, what they command I shall obey.

Hen. How! Danvers Lady Hargrave.

Sir W. Yes, you deceitful rogue, and Emmeline our daughter; but think you, you shall have her.

Hen. If you intend to keep her till you find a man who's worthy of her charms, she'll never change her name.—But flattering hope fills every pulse with transport.—Am I not right, Sir William.

Sir W. One is already found, and I have pass'd my word, to-morrow's dawn shall see her made his wife.

Hen. Then farewell every hope of happiness my fancy form'd,—In Emme's love I pictur'd sweet return for all
the

the anxious hours I have pass'd, and cloath'd my face in smiles, while torture wrung my heart; but now, when happiness I thought complete, a sudden blast chills every hope, and nips my future joys.

Sir W. True, you have been an impudent scoundrel; but my maxim is, forget and forgive.—So take her boy, and the blessing of a father wait you.

Hen. And art thou mine, dear Emmeline? I'm all amazement! The goodness of my friends is wonderful.

Emme. I dare not trust my senses.—Is not this another plot, dear madam?

Lady Harg. He is our choice, if our child has no objection.

Emme. But can Lord Ormond acknowledge the humble dependant he has raised, by the name of daughter?

Lord Or. Most willingly! and, with my own children, wear you next my heart.

Cour. Faith, Harry, I pity the severity of your punishment.

Hen. My gratitude is due to all; but for you, my Emmeline, let a life devoted to your felicity, expiate my faults.

Emme. They are already eras'd from my recollection.

Hen. Transporting maid!

Lady H. Do hold your transports, Harry; I was never so weary of being silent in my life.

Lord M. Here Henry, take this; I meant it for our fair rustic, but now think you ought to be made equivalent at least in fortune, since in merit you must own her superiority. (*smiling.*)

Hen. What is this, Frederick?

Lord M.

Lord M. Part of my estate in Northumberland.

Hen. This must not be. (*offers to return the paper.*)

Lord M. No more—it is and shall be so; had my uncle considered right, you would have been his heir; my inheritance will be noble, you are dependant; and I bless the memory of him, whose generosity enables me to do an act of justice.

Hen. To persist in the refusal would make me unworthy your generous solicitude; accept, therefore, in exchange, my unbounded friendship.

Lord M. Most willingly.

Emme. I believe we are at last come to a right understanding, and should be perfectly happy, were it in my power to recompense this gentleman for the obligations he has laid me under.

Sir W. Ah! my Emmeline, professions are no proof of sincerity.—Therefore, sir, as a trifling part of the mighty debt I owe, look on the estate I hold in this place as your own.

Cour. Pardon me, sir, I was never yet so base as to do a good action for the sake of gain.—The very act, so committed, would rankle in my breast, and corrode every other virtue.—A good scenting day will be Jack Courser's best reward.

Sir W. Then I must remain your debtor.

Lord Or. But see, our friends, impatient for our return, are come to share our joy.

ENTER MASQUES.

Colin. (*to Emme*) Accept our congratulations, madam.

Emme.

VILLAGE MAID.

Emme. You, Colin, have acted nobly; and have as high a claim to my friendship, as your former services had to my gratitude.

Sir W. (joining the hands of Colin and Phæbe) Which I am bound to repay as far as your joint wishes can extend.

VAUDEVILLE.

EMMELINE in Duet with HENRY.

Emme. Poor Emme no longer her passion,
With anguish need try to conceal;
But smile on my Harry, my lover,
And tell him what rapture I feel.

Hen. Dear Emme no longer her passion,
With anguish need try to conceal;
While holding my fair to my bosom,
The rapture's too much which I feel.

Then join the merry roundelay,
And trip the giddy maze along;
For this is Cupid's holiday,
And Hymen sports amidst the throng.

Lady H. No dying airs, no jealous fits,
We've been quite dove-like lovers;
Yet trust our happiness as great
As yours, ma'am (*to Lady C.*) or my brother's.
(to Henry.)
Then join, &c.

VILLAGE MAID.

Phoebe in Duet with COLIN.

Phoebe. The rustic maid no more will pine
In yonder lone retreat;
But blest with Colin's faithful heart,
Finds happiness complete.

Colin. Phoebe no longer need repine
In yonder lone retreat;
For Colin with his rustic maid
Finds happiness complete.

Then join, &c.

Col. Then last of all let me advance,
To join this happy throng;
And gaily foremost lead the dance,
In festive notes among.

Then join, &c.



FINIS.



